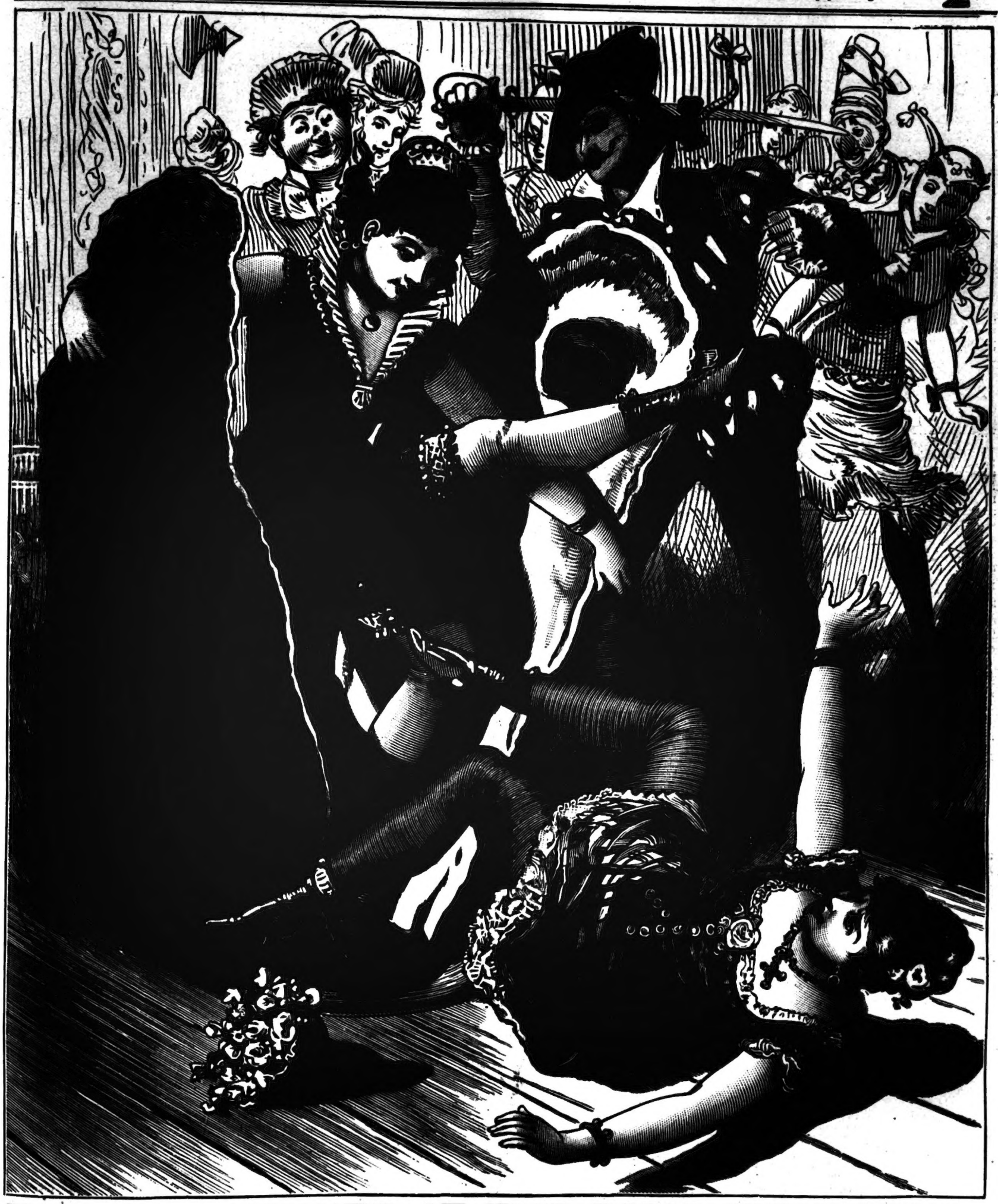
# The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

PRICE IN PARIS 30 CENTIMES

VOL. XIV. No. 340. [Entered at Stationers' Hall.] LONDON: WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1900. [Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.] PRICE 2D.

## TABLEAUX VIVANTS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

**Gay Scenes of the Carnival and Revels.**

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Published Weekly by
THE MIRROR OF LIFE CO., Ltd.,
172, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1900.

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All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed to the Editor, and no answers will be sent by post. "THE MIRROR OF LIFE," Ltd., 172, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. SMITH.—1. The money would be on the first time the horse ran. 2. Certainly not.

W. BELTON.—In the small ring, Alexandra Park.

C. B. FORD.—Billy Rotchford held an unbeaten record until he met "Pedlar" Palmer.

W. DUCKS.—It was for £200 a-side and a purse.

H. LEFTWICH.—1. It was agreed that no decision was to be given. 2. A draw.

B. B.—The number of rounds are three, two of three minutes and one of four, with one minute interval.

X. Z.—1,267 cannons by Frank C. Ives.

A. STOLE.—Ormonde was sold for 17,000gs.

V. A.—They are allowed to make their own rules.

W. HICKS.—1. They fought 6hr 15min. 2. Near Melbourne, Australia.

F. C. OAKEY.—We have not the address.

G. T.—He never fought for the championship of the world.

T. S. J.—A letter addressed "Care of THE MIRROR OF LIFE" will find him.

C. SYMONS.—Yes.

CHARLES DAVIS.—We will give it as much prominence as we can.

F. F. C.—The portraits of both the strong men have appeared with their records.

J. BARNETT.—Betting is strictly prohibited in the grounds.

R. O. S.—Bantam-weight 8st 4lb, feathers 9st.

H. PARKER.—They fought thirty-nine rounds.

T. MARSHALL.—1. F. Archer won 2,746 races. 2. Age twenty-nine.

H. A. JONES.—Olympic Club, not National Sporting Club.

C. WISBEY.—1. The amount was five shillings. 2. Members only.

P. GRIFFITHS.—Steel Grey trotted on the road ten miles in 27min 56½sec.

J. LATER.—1. They fought sixty-one rounds. 2. It was declared no contest.

C. A. B.—Lord Lyons's Derby valued at £7,350.

E. M.—1. The record is in Fistiana. 2. The work is out of print.

A. STEPHENS.—1. Corbett was favourite when he met Fitzsimmons. 2. Price was 10 to 7.

T. JOEL.—1. Five cards each. 2. The exposed card was properly rejected.

NELSON.—1. An Ambassador represents his country at a foreign Court. A Consul is an office filled in one country by a native of another, resident and in business. 2. A "Boxer" as mentioned in the "Chinese Crisis" is a member of one of the numerous political and anarchical societies which infest China.

G. R.—Send your name (not for publication) when you challenge.

NOVICE.—1. Dumb-bells and Indian clubs should be taken at different times. Dumbbells about 1lb weight in early morning. 2. The best embrocation for the body is Elliman's.

N. SMITH (H.M.S. Royal Oak).—Apply to Ward and Lock, Fleet Street, for a book on Indian club exercise. Being in the Navy we cannot advise you as regards diet, but temperance and dumb-bell exercise, beginning with 1lb dumbbells, also skipping-rope exercise. As A.B. you would have sufficient exercise in another direction.

T. DALE.—It is perfectly straight the whole mile from end to end.

H. SHAW.—1. The race was run on a Wednesday. 2. Correct.

*(Several Answers crowded out).*

# SOME BOTTLED UP PUGILISTIC HISTORY NEVER BEFORE UNCORKED.

## BILLY MADDEN HIMSELF AGAIN—ANOTHER BIG 'UN.

## CHAMPION PUGILISTS AND THEIR VALUATION.

## HOW TOM SHARKEY WENT TO DEMOLISH THE "SUCKER," AND WAS DEMOLISHED.

## BILLY MADDEN FACILE PRINCEPS AS A BOXING PROMOTER.

## THE BIG' UNS OF THE PAST.

BILLY MADDEN'S big 'un. What memories does that name Madden recall. It is connected with the longest fight on record, and an escapade with Jem Mace, which even now to some persons is as mysterious as the wearer of the Iron Mask, the Letters of Junius, or in later days the personality of Jack the Ripper. Talk about the romance of this, or the romance of that, there is more romance in the chronology of the prize-ring than in ancient chivalry. Even at this day, when the ring has long since been a defunct institution, tales of the Fancy are ever fresh, ever new. The story of the longest and most gluttonous fight in the prize-ring and how it came about is so little known that in connection with the name of Madden we will tell the tale for the benefit of our readers. Once upon a time Jem Burn kept the Rising Sun in Air Street, Piccadilly, and his potman was little Jemmy Madden, who for many years afterwards officiated as waterman outside the Spotted Dog (a famous house of call for the Fancy), in the Strand. Jack Grant, the famous "Boro' Market Pet," and the most gluttonous fighter in the prize-ring, was very anxious to fight Alec Keene, with whom he had fought a previous draw a second time (Alec was for many years partner at racecourse catering with George Brown, now of the Prince of Wales, Hampton Court). Thinking the best place to find Alec Keene would be at old Jem Burn's, Alec being sweet on Jem's niece, and generally doing his courting there, Jack Grant walked down to this West-end sporting drum with dire thoughts intent. It happened on the evening of the "Boro' Market Pet's" appearance at the Rising Sun that Alec Keene was to be married to a niece of Jem Burn on the next day. Knowing the event was coming off, and loving more than fighting was at the present time more in Alec's line, Jem Burn tried to pacify Jack Grant, and induce the Borough Market pet to see things in a reasonable light; but the more the landlord of the Rising Sun tried pacification the more bellicose did Jack Grant become, wanting to have the gloves on with Alec Keene, or if not with him with anybody else.

Just at this time, when Jack Grant was getting a bit distraught because he could not have a fight, Jemmy Madden approached his master, and said, "Guv'nor, let my brother Mike have a go with him!" As Mike was then almost an unknown quantity, old Jem Burn said, "Stuff and nonsense, Jemmy; you don't know what this fellow is, he will kill him." However, Jemmy had his way, and, doffing his potman's leathern apron, set off to find Mike, who was working at table-making (a species of rough carpentry) in the vicinity. When Mike arrived upon the scene, Jack Grant agreed to put on the gloves with the Unknown, remarking "I can lick him in five minutes." After nearly an hour's extra exertion with the gloves Jack and Mike desisted. Retorted Mike, "You said you could lick me in five minutes. You could not lick me in five hours." This remark was verified when a match was made, and the two men fought at Woking on December 12, 1848, for £25 a-side (a good stake in those days). One hundred and forty rounds were contested in 5hr 45min. Darkness coming on, neither man could finish, or else goodness knows what might have been the length of the fight. Mike Madden had a son (a London cabman we believe now) who met the late Jack Knifton in a heavy-weight competition at Sadler's Wells, but was very little use at the game of modern boxing.

We don't know whether Billy Madden, who has recently unearthed his second famous big 'un, was a relative of "Ould Mike," who, by the bye, died of bronchitis in Stacey Street, Soho, in the November of 1872, but Billy entered the ring to win pugilistic honours long before that institution was a shadow, and not a reality, in America. To look at the good-looking and well-preserved Billy Madden of modern times, no one would suppose that he entered the magic circle as far back as 1867, when Billy contended with one Richard Hurley, of Jersey City, for £20 a-side (a fair stake in those days). The fight came off at Sheepshead Bay, America, on December 23, 1867, when, after fighting sixteen rounds in 40min, Billy had to knock under. When Captain Godfrey wrote "Pancratia," a history of the earlier doings of the prize-ring, in selecting the man worthy to be adjudicated the first promoter of pugilism, the Captain writes: "Advance, Jack Broughton! thee do I adjudge worthy to wear the palm!" Thus we should say of Billy Madden and modern boxing, "Advance, Billy, and take thy place as its earliest promoter." When boxing was an outlawed sport in England, only carried on in places to elude the police, where Jack the Ripper in search of human game might have strolled, Billy had unearthed the greatest boxer of modern times, whose fame became world wide. We in England talked of no one else than J. L. Sullivan, of whom marvellous stories were circulated, one of which was that J. L. was coachman to a big gambler, who one night, beset by thieves after a big win, would undoubtedly have been murdered had not J. L. rushed to his aid and, single-handed, defeated the assailants, this gambler eventually introducing J. L. to the ropes and stakes. We say this was one of the many stories current in England concerning Sullivan. When Billy Madden quarrelled with J. L. and came to England to unearth a British pugilist capable of taking his former idol's number down boxing was fast dying out, and its professors fourth-raters at the game, the topsawyers having long since left the country. In fact, boxing was so little understood that in the competition at Chelsea Baths to unearth a champion the referee sent from a daily sport disqualified one of the most capable competitors for "*hitting hard.*" Charley Mitchell was the best of a bad crowd; and to take Charley Mitchell to the States at this time with any serious idea of the latter standing before J. L. for six rounds was like giving a hungry man a Jewish Passover cake. Billy had had some experience in working American newspapers for unlimited advertisement for J. L., and allowing the man at the wheel to have his corner in the show Billy Madden tried the game here with most satisfactory results; but it was never large enough to be played at Chelsea Baths and other places. A man with Billy Madden's advantages was the best preceptor any boxer with strength and a capacity for learning could possess, and when Billy's dark horse, Gus Ruhlin, was fit, Madden gave him his head and let him loose like a hawk among the pigeons. A hawk among the pigeons did we say? Well, the topsawyers of the Fancy thought they were the hawks and that Billy had let loose a big harmless pigeon to be shamefully plucked by the first hawk in the shape of a boxing champion who undertook the task. This fourth-rater, Ruhlin, for as such he was looked upon by the front rank of the Fancy, was styled, in addition to "Billy Madden's Big 'Un," "Billy Madden's Mug," and when a few months ago he arranged a match between his "Mug" and Bob Fitzsimmons, Fitz's admirers crowded round the ex-village blacksmith and begged him (Fitz) to be cautious, and not hit the big duffer too hard, in case he killed him. Bob thought it particularly hard luck, however, when an abscess appeared in his left hand as the result of a bite from his playful lion cub, to have to forfeit a thousand dollars, which was Fitz's "put up" for his anticipated set-to with Gus Ruhlin. Easy money was not the word. It was to be money gained by a little punching exercise—a little more additional experience.

When the match with Fitz ended by a forfeit Billy Madden looked about the pugilistic camp for a condescending champion—one who would not mind taking Gus Ruhlin on without fear of losing caste. There is so much of that kind of article (caste) about among pugilists at the present day that they are very careful who they meet. There must not only be money in the contest, but the opponent must be of a status worthy of recognition by the upper-crust of pugilism. We are surprised at Tom Sharkey taking on such an obscure pro. as Gus Ruhlin. We wonder he did not chortle the time-honoured old wheeze so much in vogue 'among superior pro.'s, boxing and otherwise, 'I have made my name; you go and make yours"; but Tom Sharkey on this occasion did not bluff in the manner of the high and mighty when they guess they are likely to meet what in the old days was called a "nasty handful." Tom rushed at the bait like hungry codfish on the banks of Newfoundland, and told his friends what an example he would make of Madden's "Sucker," and show how little fit he (the "Sucker") was to live in high-class company. The most astute thought that this contest would be little more than a cake-walk for the dashing Sharkey—dash-in with a hyphen. The men met on Tuesday last at the Coney Island Athletic Club, and as showing the general opinion 5 to 2 was on offer without much response all over the building. 5 to 2 on one man where two are only in the race is pretty long odds. Billy Madden was pretty active in snapping up all he could get; but the Sharkeyites so eager to lay these odds and a trifle over saw that they might as well have handed their money to their family solicitor for *safe* keeping ere two rounds had been fought. In the first round so well did the "mug" shape that layers of odds perceived that they should have been the other way about, and tried with alarming alacrity to hedge. The dash-in rushes were stopped as easily as Bill Neate, of Bristol, stopped the lightning-like rushes of the "Terrible Gas"; that Ruhlin's good left hand was meeting these rushes with bad results for the ex-sailor lad was only too evident, the impact being so great that the smash could be heard all over the ring. Those who came to shear were shorn. No man can fight fouler than Sharkey when he finds he is not on the level with the other fellow; and this is exemplified in the animated pictures of the ex-sailor's fight with Jem Jeffries produced at the Aquarium Theatre. It was more a case with Sharkey of a battle "all in" than one under Queensberry rules. In fact Sharkey did everything but bite, and had he not taken too large a mouthful, we think the referee would have looked over this portion of the so-called Queensberry rules, and never thought Sharkey had breached them. It seemed wonderful how the sailor's adamantine frame could stand the repeated punches of the "Sucker," who before the fight was to be reduced to the consistency of mincemeat. The only thing that could be urged in favour of Sharkey was his pluck—science the ex-sailor lad has none. Over and over again in these pages we have said that Tom Sharkey would have made a grand stone fighter; but he would have been beaten to a jelly by such a man as "The Game Chicken." Even when Bill Neate beat "The Terrible Gas," a man as nearly as possible a modern Sharkey, Bill Neate in his turn had to succumb to the masterly science of Tom Spring.

It has always been the ambition of a pugilist when he has retired from active service and installed himself in a pub to find "A good big 'un." We will not go further back than "Scroggins" (John Palmer) when "Scroggins" kept the Waterman's Arms, in Stangate Street, Westminster, he introduced to the Fancy the best of big 'uns, Tom Spring. When Jack Hicks kept the King's Arms, Whitechapel, he introduced Tom King (the East-end sailor boy) to the ropes and stakes. When Jem Mace kept the King John in Holywell Lane he was instrumental in unearthing a big buck nigger called Woolf. "Bos" Tyler, when he kept the Founders' Arms, Osborne Street, Whitechapel, brought out Joe Wormald, who met Mace's Woolf. Jesse Hatton, the champion of Kent, when he kept the Hole in the Wall in Baldwin's Gardens, brought out "the Great O'Baldwin." A rather singular thing occurred with regard to Ned O'Baldwin. Jesse Hatton, not having any convenience at the Hole in the Wall, put him up at a doss-house in Field Lane, now standing, and said to be the veritable house where Jack Dawkins, alias the Artful Dodger, introduced Oliver Twist to old

Fag'n, the Jew fence. The usual price per night at this doss-house was fourpence; but the deputy made the great "O'" pay eightpence. He was so long that they had to put two beds together, in order that the Irish giant could stretch his legs. In recent years Ted Napper, when he kept the Five Inkhorns in Nichol Street, Shoreditch, brought out the late Jack Knifton (the 81 tonner). We could mention many more, but we think the above number will suffice.

After the fight with Tom Sharkey Gus Ruhlin challenged Jem Jeffries, who was at the ring-side. Jeffries, nothing loth, said he would meet Ruhlin before September, and will name a definite day as soon as his hand is free from the plaster cast.

## THE LATE TROOPER LANE.

**Who was Killed in South Africa whilst Fighting Against the Boers.**

*(With Portrait.)*

COVENTRY people will learn with regret of the death of another citzen in South Africa. News was received in the city on Wednesday evening of the death of Trooper W. F. Lane, of the 5th Company Imperial Yeomanry, who was killed in action at Kheis on May 28. From this it would appear that the trooper was killed in the same action as that in which Major Orr-Ewing met his death.

Trooper Lane was one of the first to give up his business and offer his services for Queen and country. He was well known in the city, having for some time been landlord of the Royal Hotel, Cross Cheaping. He had been a good portion of his life in the army, having retired from the Royal Artillery after twenty-three years' service with the rank of sergeant-major. He had been in Coventry for four or five years, a portion of which time he had been one of the most active members of the Coventry Fire Brigade. He joined the Warwickshire Yeomanry Cavalry in 1898, and in last year's training he secured the first three prizes in competitions, of which he was naturally very proud.

When his services were accepted early in January he was not allowed to leave the city without some recognition of his loyalty and patriotism. His comrades of the Fire Brigade entertained him and presented him, as a token of esteem, with a case containing a couple of silver-mounted pipes, and an amber cigar mouthpiece, together with a packet of tobacco. "A number of Coventry well-wishers" gave to him a silver vesta box, and the members of the Royal Arch Chapter of the Ancient Order of Druids, to which he belonged, made a presentation of a silver cigarette case. At the gatherings at which these presentations were made Trooper Lane received the expressions of goodwill of all present. Speaking at one of these gatherings, it may be recalled, he said, that "throughout his whole career he had always been a soldier and a sailor, and he had thought it his duty as a volunteer soldier, that was, as a yeomanry trooper, to offer his services to go out at the present juncture. He thought that if his officers were willing to go he, too, should be willing, and, without being egotistical, he thought some of the experience he had gained in years of past service might be of some little value. Many people told him he was a fool; he did not think so. He was a soldier, and he was prepared to go out as a soldier, and if need be die as such." Trooper Lane came to Coventry from Dublin. He had previously been on active service, for whilst in the army he saw service in the China War, for which he had a medal, and he also wore the bar for Perak. He was forty-seven years of age, and leaves a widow.

## OUR LETTER BOX.

LETTERS are lying at our office for:—

John F. White (three).
Sam Fitzpatrick.
Mr. Ecclestone ("Jolly Jumbo").
Teddy Wilson.
Frank Kempton (late of South Africa).
Bobby Dobbs (two).
F. Leon.
Frank Gess.
"Dido" Plumb.
Jem Hall.
Billy Ross.
Alf Ball.
Tommy Hogan.
"Greek" George.
George Slark.
P. J. King.
R. H. Page.
Charles Mitchell (English champion boxer).
Billy Plimmer.
H. Chance Newton.
Driver Pincher.
Robert Fitzsimmons (three).
C. McCoy.
George Fox Giles.
J. Corbett.
Alec Hurley.
P. Gorman.
Jem Holloway.
Ernie Greaves.
Ted Wakeham.
Claude Thompson.

## AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, June 23, 1900.

EDITOR, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, London.

AFTER a pow-wow of several weeks' duration, Frank Erne, the light-weight champion, and Terry McGovern, the champion feather-weight, have come to an understanding, and have signed articles to fight a ten-round bout before the Twentieth Century Athletic Club at Madison Square Garden on July 16. The articles call for 128 pounds at the ring side, winner to take all, and Erne agrees to knock McGovern out before the end of the tenth round or to lose the decision. More than two weeks have been spent by the principals in haggling over a difference of one pound. Erne stood out for 129 pounds at the ring side, and Terry for 128, but in the end the light-weight champion gave in, and agreed to Terry's terms. This match, which will open the Twentieth Century Athletic Club, will settle a long-standing doubt as to whether McGovern can take on light-weights and still remain undefeated. It will also give the admirers of both men a chance to see their man fight to his limit. To James C. Kennedy, manager of the Madison Square Garden Club, is due the credit of arranging the match, which, sporting folk assert, will be one of the best in recent years. When he made the first announcement of the new club, Kennedy said that no matches other than those of high calibre would be pulled off there. And in this match he has the two best men in the world at their weights. Kennedy declared last night that there is not one chance in a million of anything except accident or illness hindering the fight. Jimmy Handler, the Newark welter-weight, made some easy money at the Sampson A.C., of Brooklyn, last night. He was billed to fight twenty rounds against Jim Butler, the former amateur champion middle-weight, but the latter was hog fat, and a couple of punches in the stomach took the wind out of him and put him in the wobbling brigade. The ex-amateur was plainly outclassed, and had hard work to save himself in the first round. Handler could have put him out at the start, but he jollied Butler along for a while. In the second the Newark man handed in a few jabs with both hands, and then floored Butler, who took the count. In the third Handler set out to finish his man, and was in a fair way to do it when Butler's seconds threw up the sponge. It was the latter's first fight in two years. Bob Fitzsimmons had another operation performed on his hand yesterday morning, and the results were so flattering that the former champion is figuring on going into the ring again. The Cornishman's prospective rival will, in all probability, be Tom Sharkey. Fitz called on Tom O'Rourke yesterday afternoon, and said he would be pleased to fight Sharkey in preference to anyone else. "If Sharkey defeats Gus Ruhlin on June 26," O'Rourke replied, "I will make a match with you the following day on any reasonable conditions, the same to be fought in August." This seemed to satisfy the auburn-haired boxer. There is also talk of having "Kid" McCoy and Fitz meet in a six-round bout at Chicago next fall. McCoy is inclined to make the match. Jimmy Malone, a light-weight from Ireland, met Mike Lane, of Brooklyn, in a bout at the Sampson A.C., Brooklyn. Lane had all the better of the exchanges in the first round, but in the second the Irishman cut loose and sent Mike to the ropes twice with a couple of right-handers that had plenty of power back of them, while with his left he laced Lane about the short ribs and body. In two minutes and forty seconds of the third round Malone passed 'em out to Lane with left to the body and right to the jaw, and Lane went down and was counted out. In a letter to a friend, poor old Peter Jackson writes from Australia that his health is much improved. He further states that pugilism in that country is booming, and that several clever heavy-weights are cropping up. At the Pelican Athletic Club, Brooklyn, George Monroe fought a twenty rounds draw with Johnny Reagan. Jimmy Michael was beaten by Burns Pierce in a twenty mile motor-paced race at Charles River Park, Cambridge, Monday afternoon. A strong wind made record time impossible, Pierce covering the distance in 34 min. 29 3-5 sec. The race started off at a hot pace, with Pierce the first to get away, leading by eight or ten feet, until the fourth mile, when the little Welshman overtook and passed him. Pierce made several attempts to again take the lead, but without avail, although several times pace and riders came down into the stretch abreast. The race continued without gain to either until in the seventeenth mile Pierce's pace, by spurting, brought him into the stretch in the lead. The next lap Michael lost his pace, and although he made every effort to gain it without loss of ground, when he straightened away again Pierce was half a mile ahead. The race was over before Michael had much chance to regain the lost ground. It is more than probable that Arthur A. Zimmerman, the retired world's champion, will never appear again in open competition, since he has declined the invitation of the L.A.W. meet managers to visit Milwaukee and participate in a match with Walter C. Sanger. "Zimmy" is now located at Point Pleasant, N.J., where he is proprietor of a new hotel.

THE TATTLER.

## PRIVATE DICKER,

**A Successful Pedestrian, Better Known as "Bradoe," of Wood Green.**

*(With Portrait.)*

PRIVATE DICKER, of the 2nd South Wales Borderers, better known as "Bradoe," of Wood Green, has run and met with the following success: Won 220yd open flat handicap at the White House, New Southgate; won quarter-mile at Winchmore Hill, Enfield; won half-mile P.S.A. Sports, Wood Green; second in quarter-mile, Lavender Hill, Enfield; won 100yd, 220yd, and second in a mile at P.S.A. Sports, Wood Green; second in a mile at Enfield Town Sports; won half-mile and second in 100yd at Fire Brigade Sports, Aldershot; won half-mile Medical Staff Sports, Aldershot; second in a mile at Engineers' Sports, Aldershot; won 100yd, and second in Army and Navy quarter-mile at Bush Street, Pembroke Dock; ran second in 120yd and 440yd at Tenby, South Wales; beaten in both finals by Charlie Sheldon, of Pembroke Dock; won quarter-mile and second in open half-mile Regimental Sports, Pembroke Dock, 1897; won half and quarter-mile Regimental Sports, Pembroke Dock, 1898; won quarter-mile Conservative Club Sports, Pembroke Dock, beating Poole, of Swansea, in the final; won open mile at Ponder's End, Enfield; got the prize for 100yd after raising an objection at Bush Street Sports, Pembroke Dock, and sailed for South Africa with his regiment the beginning of the year.

## A STRONG HINT TO THOSE WHO WOULD OVERSTAY THEIR WELCOME.

**The Old Gentleman's Notice to Quit.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

A GENTLEMAN blessed with seven marriageable daughters had some difficulty in inducing his male visitors to leave their charming company and his house at a respectable hour. Whether it was Flo, Jennie, Alice, Mary, or the others, their suitors in each case overstayed the old gentleman's welcome, and so as not to be impartial he had a notice framed in the parlour, which said: "We put out the gas and unchain the dog at 11 p.m.," and as that hour approached he would respectfully point to the rules so that the visitor could not have any doubt as to its meaning.

## CORPORAL SANDERS.

**Who Has Returned to England from South Africa.**

*(With Portrait.)*

BEAT Patsey Blake, Kensington, 17rds, with the knuckles; beat "Bridge" Truee, Clapton, 13rds, with knuckles; beat Bert Goddard, Hammersmith, 9rds, at Sheen; beat Jem Salter, Acton, 1rd, at Paddington Baths; beat Lance-Corporal Collins, 1½rd; beat Corporal Spooner, 3rds. Won Mr. Harry Wheeler's 10st competition at Porth, South Wales, beating Griff. Davis (Pontypridd), Owen Jones (Cardiff), Morris Greenfield (Birmingham), and Jack Farley (Mile End) in the final. Beaten by Jack Roberts, of Holloway, 6rds. Corporal Sanders has been serving with his regiment at the front in South Africa; being now in England will probably figure again in the ring.

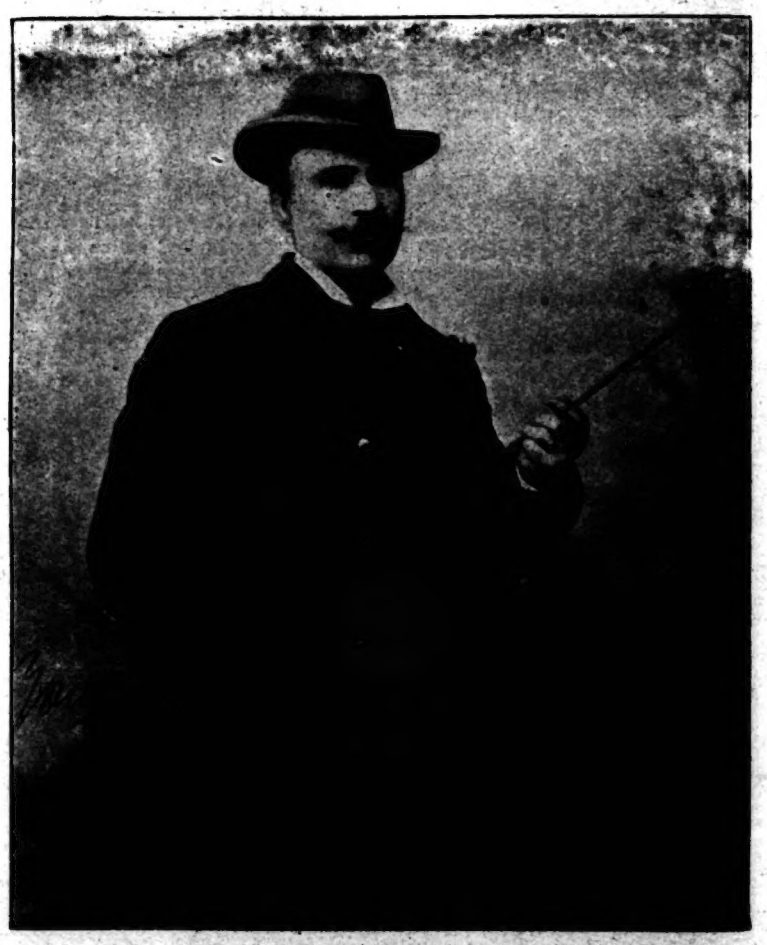
## VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

AMONG the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—

Pat Traynor (the Irish humourist).
Joe Bennett (ex 6st 10lb champion).
Angus Griffo.
Alf Slater (old Skiddy).
Prof. Newton.
Emmanuel Henriksson.
"Wag" Ashley.
Jack O'Donnell (Young Sharkey, Boston, U.S.A.).
Jimmy Frain.
Sadie McPhee (Liverpool).
Charley Maines (Liverpool).
Barney Smith (Dublin).
Hugh McManus (Dublin).
Charley Ryder.
Tommy Hall ("The Mouse").
Jack Guyon.
Old Joe Spencer (octogenarian walker).
Ted Wood.
Bill Chester.
Jack Barnett.

## LOST AND FOUND.

"I CALLED in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his throat, and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. The thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so:" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]



**WILLIAM KEARNEY,**

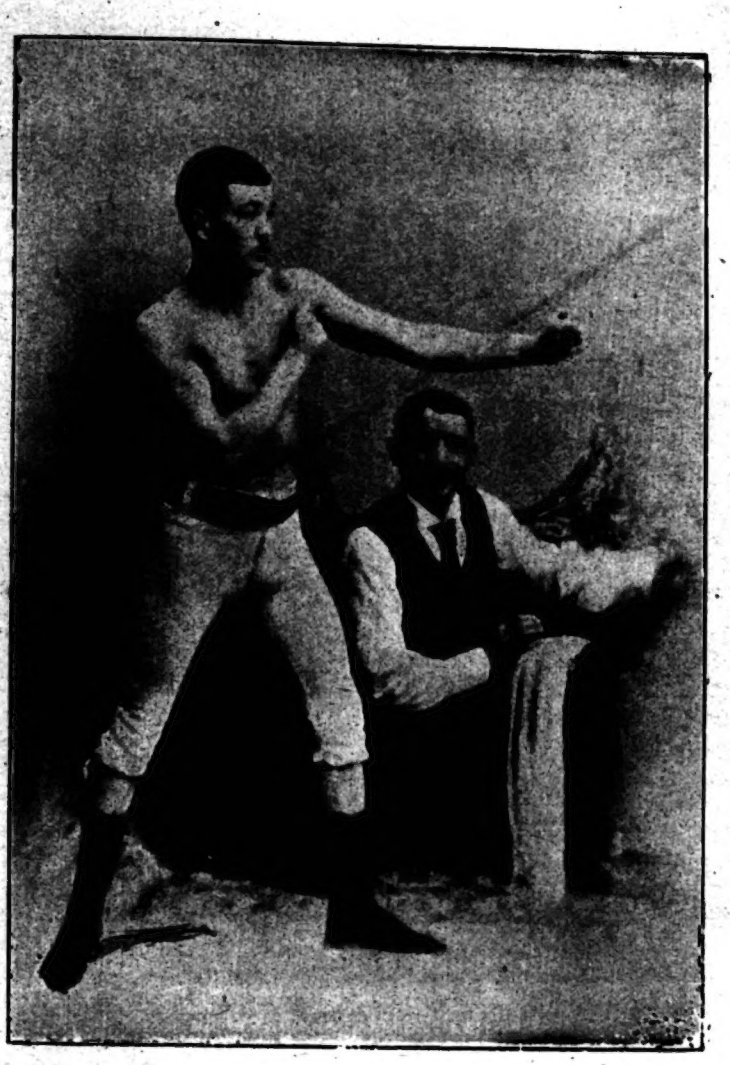
**"The Boy from the West," the Genial Oracle of the Clonmel Club, Dublin.**

**BILLY GORDON,**

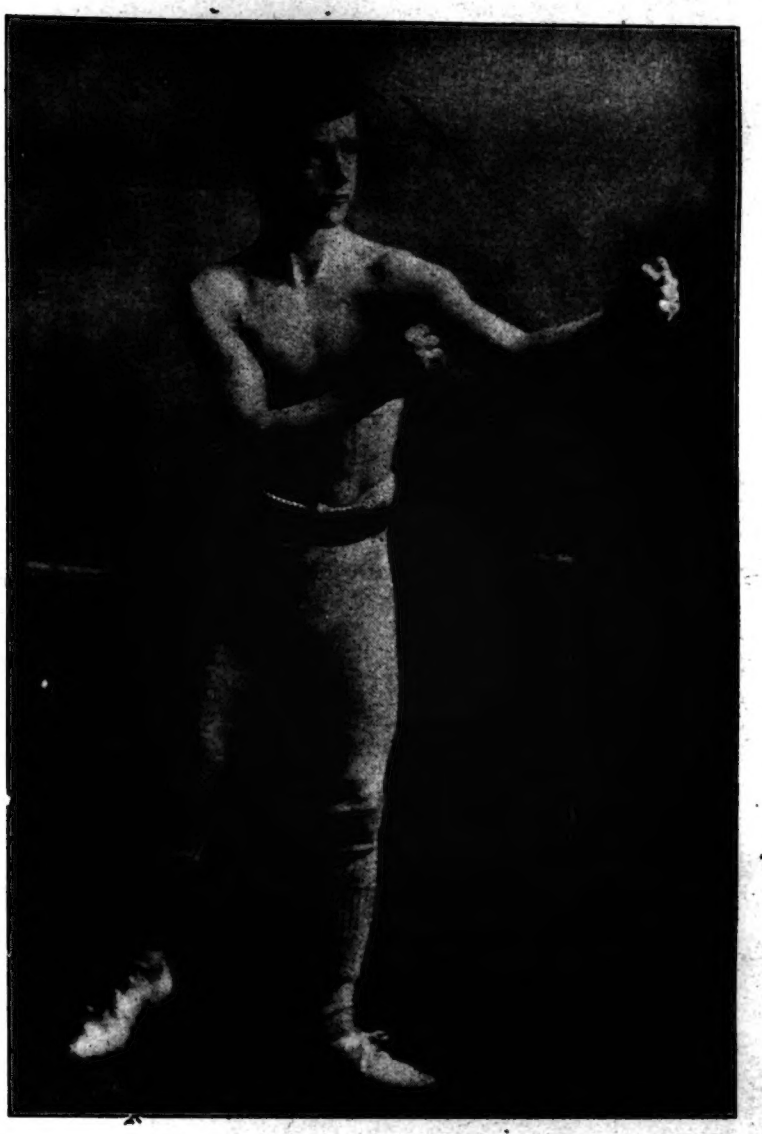
**Of America, who was Defeated in Fifteen Rounds by J Nelson at Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle, June 25.**

**AN ENRAGED WIFE USES THE WHIP ON HER HUSBAND'S COMPANION.**

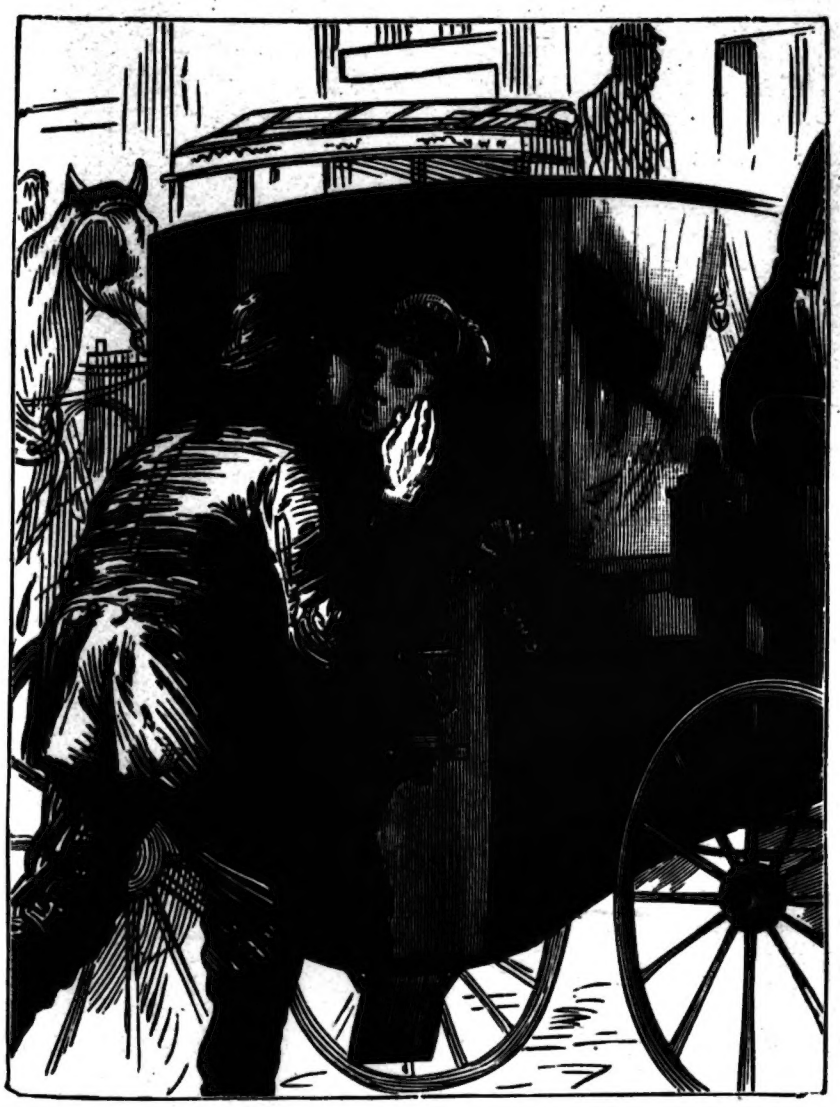
**The Outcome of a Flirtation with a Married Man.**



**CORPORAL SANDERS,**
Who has Returned to England from South Africa.



**JOE WILLIAMS,**
Of Rotherham, who Defea ed Frank Exall in Thirteen Rounds at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle, June 27.



**AN IMBECILE WHO ANNOYED THE LADIES.**
His Mission in Life was to Kiss the Girls.

**GIRL IMPRISONED BY HER FATHER.**
Frenchman's Method of Reforming his Daughter.

## THE ONLY TAVERN IN ENGLAND WITH THE SIGN OF "THE THREE JOHNS."

### "THE GREATEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL"—AT SKITTLES.

**THE THREE JOHNS, WHITE LION** Street, Pentonville, has the merit of being singular. It is the only sign of that name in London, and, for that matter, perhaps in England. We have known and played skittles with several landlords of The Three Johns, all of them sportsmen, among them being Messrs. Howard and Matthewson. Mr. Howard took great interest in the fight—that was to be—between the late Jack Knifton and Jem Smith, going so far as to offer them a snug place to settle their differences in a foreign country. Mr. Howard is, we believe, alive now, and a wealthy boniface, but poor Arthur Matthewson died in his early prime and has long since gone over to the great majority. The Three Johns we believe are John the Baptist, John the Evangelist, and John the favourite disciple of our Lord. We are open to contradiction in this for our scriptural education has been a bit neglected. Attenborough, the celebrated pawnbrokers, has a Latin family motto under the three brass balls, "Sub hoc Sigma Floresco," which translated means "Under this sign I flourish." We think we might adapt this motto to The Three Johns, for under this sign most of the landlords seem to flourish. It seems rather sacrilegious to couple three such saintly Johns with a good spirit and beer-drinking neighbourhood; but the house is a hundred or two years of age, and its history sayeth that no landlord of The Three Johns has ever had his name in the "Gazette." "Brummy" Meadows, the official referee at the "nine," the "wood," or any other vernacular by which skittles is known, does not aspire to arbitrate at billiards, football, cricket, lawn tennis, or the many fashionable games at present in vogue; but at skittles "Brummy" is Sir Oracle. Let no one speak about "four corners" or the "nine" when "Brummy" is about, or it will be a case of putting down. Meadows is like that English king who died from eating lampreys and was never seen to smile. No smile illuminates "Brummy's" handsome phizog when he is in office. He fully realises the seriousness of the situation, and puts frivolity away from him as Saint Anthony did the décollettée ladies. We believe "Brummy" thoroughly realises the dignity which should hedge a referee at skittles, and he knows that if he was to smile at these gatherings, of which he is such an important factor, he would lose caste, fall from his present high estate, and be looked upon as an ordinary human being and prone to err. At present no one dare's to question "Brummy's" infallibility—they may question the Pope's, but not "Brummy's"—at skittles. Writes "Brummy": "There was again a large attendance on Tuesday evening at Mr. J. Steers, The Three Johns, White Lion Street, Islington, to witness the match between the brother bungs, G. Southwood, of the Lincoln Arms, York Road, King's Cross, and Jem Page, of the Sussex Stores, St. Martin's Lane, W., who had agreed to play a game of eleven chalks up, six feet from the front pin, to a putty line, either player treading on or going over the said line to forfeit a chalk. Both men being noted experts at the game, a deal of interest was taken in the affair for this reason, and also owing to both pins and frame being new. The following are details of the play: Southwood set a go, and went twice, this Page tied, but at his next go had a cut out, and George flooring them gained the chalk. For the next chalk the men tied three times, when George by the aid of a nine took the chalk. Jem took the following one. George, however, still showed the best form, knocking down nine after nine in a splendid manner, while Page did not play up to his form, the result being that Southwood won by three chalks. Scores: Southwood, eleven; Page, eight. Scorer, W. Kemble; referee, 'Brummy' Meadows. After the match was decided, W. Kemble and J. Steers played Jem Page and G. Southwood seven chalks up, for a £4 prize, the first named winning by seven chalks to Page and Co.'s four. Scorer and referee, 'Brummy' Meadows."

## FROM RICHMOND TO HURST PARK.

**HAMPTON RACES, OR AS IT WAS** called by the Cockney carnivalites 'Appy 'Ampton, was supposed to be very much improved when the old public race grounds were turned into a company, and Hampton became Hurst Park. That the change is mere supposition a visit to Richmond on a race day will show. On Saturday the borough of Richmond was full of fourth-class boxers anxious to touch for a brief in one or other of the numerous brakes, omnibusses and waggonettes which run from Richmond to Hurst Park for "a bob." "Love levels all." We observed a fairy, young and with golden tresses, on the box seat of a brake. This was an unusual position for a lady, and on looking to see who was her companion we found him to be a low Jewish boxer. The ups and downs of racing life are nowhere more manifest than here. Former leviathans on the turf could hardly raise the necessary "bob" to take them to the course. Yet we saw men—one of whom a few years ago a barman and potman, eventually a minder to a squire and marquis, driving a splendid tit through Richmond to the danger of pedestrians, having reared a fortune on the ruins of his pupils. Racing has gone badly of late years with the welshers. We noticed two well-known racecourse mugs, the owners, of which were so "stony" that one of them approached the driver of the brake, and after taking the man into his confidence explained that himself and his old pal Jack—good old Jack!—had only a bob between them, and "would he ride them up to the course for that?" All the sympathy this pair received from the driver was, "Not me, wot do yer take me for?" Let any person view the tide which flows through Richmond on a Hurst Park Race day, and he (if he knows anything of the past) will say Hampton Races may have changed its name, but it has not changed the crowd.

**THE MUSIC HALL SPORTS.**—Entries closed on Saturday for the Music Hall Sports, which will take place, as has already been mentioned, on Tuesday, July 10, at the London County Grounds, Herne Hill. There are twenty-five events, confined to those who have been legitimately connected with the variety profession during twelve months immediately preceding these sports. There are four championships—One Mile Flat, One Mile Bicycle, 440 Yards Flat, and Half-Mile Bicycle Obstacle. Other events are the 120 Yards Handicap, 100 Yards Ladies' Handicap, One and Two Miles Ladies' Bicycle Handicaps, 120 Yards Hurdles, One Mile Walking Handicap, Five Miles Bicycle Handicap, Half-Mile Handicap, Patriotic Colonial Fifty Yards Flag Race, Secret Distance Bicycle Handicap (particulars of which I have already given), Obstacle Race, Comic Costume Scramble, Human Wheelbarrow Race, Obstacle Sack Race, and 100 Yards Handicap for agents and agents' clerks. There will be many comic interludes during the day, furnished by several of our foremost drolls, and music will be provided by Angelo Asher's St. James's Military Band, under the conductorship of M. Retford.

**INTER-POLYTECHNIC SPORTS.**—The various London Polytechnic Institutes held a combined meeting at Canning Town, the prize at stake being Sir Owen Roberts's Challenge Cup. The trophy was held by the Regent Street Polytechnic, and they easily retained possession with a total of 27 points, St. Bride's Institute, 11 points, being second, and Northampton Institute, 9 points, third. Results: 100 Yards.—F. J. Mallett, Regent Street Polytechnic, 1; A. J. Arnold, Northampton Institute, 2; L. T. Foss, Woolwich Polytechnic, 3. Won easily. One Lap Cycling Race.—R. Janson, Regent Street Polytechnic, 1; C. B. Hayson, Regent Street, 2; W. C. King, Borough Polytechnic, 3. A close finish, Janson winning by inches only. Time 45 2-5sec. One Mile.—H. Evans, St. Bride's Institute, 1; C. Lee, Regent Street, 2; H. Nott, Regent Street, 3. Won by five yards in 4min. 44 4-5sec. 120 Yardes Hurdles.—C. Ingmere, Regent Street, 1; G. Baker, St. Bride's Institute, 2; C. Chadwick, St. Bride's Institute, 3. Won easily. Time, 17 3-5sec. High Jump.—A. J. McHutcheon, Northampton Institute, 5ft 4in, 1; J. Anderson, Woolwich Polytechnic, 5ft 2in, 2. Quarter-mile.—A. Miller, Regent Street, 1; L. T. Foss, Woolwich Polytechnic, 2; H. Evans, St. Bride's, 3. Won by a yard in 55 3-5sec. One Mile Cycle.—R. Janson, Regent Street, and J. W. Harter, Regent Street, dead-heated. Three Miles.—S. K. Moorcraft, Borough Polytechnic, 1; E. H. R. Redfearn, St. Bride's, 2; F. E. Hayes, Regent Street, 3. Won easily. Long Jump.—A. J. McHutcheon, Northampton Institute, 18ft 9in, 1. Five Miles Cycling Race.—R. Janson, Regent Street, 1; R. Brooks, St. Bride's Institute, 2; C. B. Hayson, Regent Street, 3. Won by three lengths. Time, 12min 35 3-5sec. 880 Yards Handicap.—J. Juleff, Borough Polytechnic, 100 yards start, 1.

**HOLBEIN'S GREAT SWIM.**—THE famous long-distance swimmer, Montague Holbein, on Friday essayed the task of swimming from Blackwall to Gravesend in quicker time than the late Captain Webb, who in 1875 covered the distance in 4h 52min 44sec. In this he succeeded, beating the record for the twenty-two miles by 6min 41sec.

**F. E. BACON v. LEN HURST FOR £100.**—These professionals met on the ground of the Southampton Football Club

F. E. BACON.

on Saturday to decide a ten miles race. It was five o'clock before the runners emerged from the dressing-room, Hurst being attired in white and Bacon in green and red. Hurst obtained the inside position, and on the runners being despatched both kept together, though Bacon ran well within himself, Hurst appearing to tire somewhat. The first mile was covered in 5min 8sec, two miles in 10min 15sec, and although Hurst led at the three miles post Bacon was close on his heels, and the position remained unaltered until the fifth mile, when Bacon was leading. The time occupied was 26min 5sec. At the sixth and seventh miles Bacon was still in front, but from the eighth mile Hurst got by him and kept the premier position until the last mile. At the last lap Hurst led slightly until about 100 yards from home, when Bacon came away. Hurst tried hard to overtake him, but the former, running well within himself, breasted the tape fully two yards ahead of Hurst, the time occupied being 54min 10sec. On Thursday Bacon competes at Paris. H. O. Grandison and J. Martin Romsey were the judges, and the management was in the hands of Mr. J. W. Dorkin, of Southampton.

**MIKE SWEENEY (WORLD'S** Greatest Jumper).—Michael F. Sweeney, the greatest of high jumpers, gives promise of surpassing all former feats in the athletic games at the Paris Exposition. He is a marvel, and his performances are expected to give Frenchmen and foreign sportsmen generally plenty to talk about and enthuse over for a long time to come. On the Saturday prior to sailing for England, at Pottstown, Pa., he cleared the bar in beautiful style at 6ft 4in, 1½in short of the world's record. Sweeney's training has not been regular, nor at all severe. When he gets down to work in earnest it is predicted that he will beat the present best mark by several inches. He made the phenomenal 6ft 5 5-8in at Manhattan Field during the London A.C.-New York A.C. games in 1895. When the judges measured the jump they gave it out as 6ft 5½in. Reginald Williams, the English jumper, refused to believe what he had heard, and demanded the privilege of re-measuring it. The request was granted, and he found that the judges had erred ¼ of an inch on the safe side. He apologised, and the record was amended to agree with his finding. This performance was not nearly so remarkable as another to Sweeney's credit. On one occasion his feet cleared the bar at 7ft, but his hips struck it and knocked it off. He tried to repeat, but the supreme effort had taxed his strength more than he thought.

**THE SERPENTINE SWIMMING** Club.—Last Wednesday the final heat of the annual half-furlong handicap for the "Sedgwick" prizes was decided in the Serpentine Lake, Hyde Park. There was a good attendance on the banks of the lake, but although the wenther was fine, a nasty cold wind prevailed, which made it anything but pleasant for the bathers. Results: 110 Yards Handicap.—Final Heat: H. L. Rickards, 26sec start, 1; H. Wilson (captain), scratch, 2; J. Vickers, 17, 3; H. Vickers, 27, 4. Rickards passed the limit man twenty yards from the finish, and, although the scratch man made up a lot of the leeway in the last twenty yards, Rickards won by two yards; a similar distance between second and third. This day (Wednesday) there will be a 220 yards handicap for Mr. G. Cownden's prizes.

**A CHAMPION LADY CYCLIST.**—Miss Margerita Gast, who has broken the thousand-mile wheel record in America, is a native of Bavaria, and was known as the best dancer in the village. This wonderful performance—a thousand miles in 113 hours and 23 minutes—was done on an extremely simple vegetarian diet. For dinner she had two boxes of strawberries, two oranges, three raw new potatoes, Zweibeck bread with no butter, and a glass of claret. The luncheon consisted of one box of strawberries, two bananas, green peas, and a cup of boiling tea. When Margerita Gast had finished the thousand miles she wished it had been five hundred more.

**GARDEN FETE EASTWARD HO.**—The weather was anything but favourable for out-door entertainments last Wednesday, and the programme that was put forward at the Fox seemed bound to suffer. It is just twelve months ago since the sporting celebrity, Mr. Lloyd, took over the reins of government at this establishment. The anniversary was celebrated by a dinner and garden party last Wednesday, all of his patrons being invited, close on three hundred being present. The management of the artists was given into the hand of Mr. S. Van Kollem, who surpassed all previous efforts. A splendid stage had been erected at the far end of the garden. After an overture of patriotic tunes by the well-known pianist M. Isaacs (who during the evening had a little leisure, as George Leaver took his place) the concert opened. Mr. Van Kollem's magnificent voice was heard to full in "The Army and Navy," and as an encore rendered "Mr. Parkes, Past and Present"; this song has received the approbation of Her Majesty, the Lord Mayor, and hundreds of celebrated noblemen. The best turns of the evening were Jenny Venton (a young lady who has a grand future before her), who created quite a furore with "The Waif" and "Come Back To Me"; the Mascottes, "Excelsior" and "Oh, Albion"; F. C. Wilson, "Here We Are Again" and "Years and Years Ago"; Alf Carnoe, Bob Brunn, George Melvern, Alice Franks, Arthur Levine, who should change the remarks in one of his songs, Fred Hart and Co. in the sketch, "The Miser: or Gold, Gold, Gold." Stanley Coleman deserves praise for his skilful rendering of "Star Of My Soul"; this song requires quietness, and the noise at the back of the resort must be excused, as

When the wine is in the wit is out.

The voices of Messrs. Dick and Jem Smith and Sammy Cohen could be heard all over the place as they sang the choruses, and the first named promised to appear on the stage later in the evening. The gardens around the house were all filled, and the artists had their full deserves (in cheers) from these, as well as those present. Mr. Alf White was in the chair, and did his part very neatly. At a small table close by a number of sports enjoyed themselves, the chair being occupied by Jack Seigenberg, whose linoleum has made this, as well as numerous other establishments, fit for a prince, with H. Perry (whose easy chairs we have reclined on with perfect comfort) as vice. Among those present were Messrs. Gray, sen. and jun., White, R. Parkes, Fraser, G. Davis, T. Parkes, M. Miller, T. Davis, E. Forrest, Albert G. Butterfield, T. Loveridge, A. E. Wilson, T. Balclock, F. Blomfield, J. Crow, H. Sharod, J Hailes, Bawer, W. Rodge, D. Sharod, A. Hart, Wilt, G. Mayer, Harry Zetter, G. Boston, J. Ward, G. Dewar, H. Garrett, Harry Raphael, the well known East-end penciller, &c., Mr. and Mrs. Parkes, Plunkett, Sharod, Perry, Rodge, Seago, Durrant, Bligh, Francis, &c. Mr. Breet informed our representative that after losing his dog twice he had sold the handsome toy terrier, weighing under 5lb, for a large sum. Our reporter did not witness the second part of the programme, as he left as the midnight hour was chiming.

**JOE FARRELL'S NIECE AND HER** Concert.—Miss Ellen Geary, the East-end favourite Irish comedienne, must be congratulated upon the success of her grand complimentary concert, which took place last Wednesday evening at the St. George's and Wapping Reform Club, Cable Street, East, the large hall being crowded to excess. Ellen being of a generous nature is not slow to do a turn for any good cause, and it's no wonder that she can boast of having such patrons as W. C. Steadman, M.P. for Stepney, Mr. Strauss, L.C.C., and selected candidate for M.P., St. George's E. Division, also Mr. C. Barratt, L.C.C., who during the evening occupied the chair. An early start was made by Miss Kate Gearin, who sang very sweet and tuneful; Bert Carno, clever concertinist; Will Dobson sang "Lakes of Killarney," and champion clog dancer, also introducing his belt; Miss Jenny Venton as poor little Joe gained great favours; the merry Major Miles was all there in "Pot and Flower Line," and "When you get a Wife," and as an encore sang "The Motor Car." Miss Grace Tyrell splendidly sang "The Soldier's Sweetheart," and "When Baby Grows, Dear"; Mack and Hill, funny comedians, caused roars of laughter in "There, Do as You Like," and comic clog dance; R. J. Kingsley told all about the "New Woman," and also gave that sterling song, "Under the Same Old Flag"; Miss Grace Oliver rendered "The Irish Boys," and "Our Lads in Blue," after whom came Joe Farrell, M.C., and gave "Launch the Lifeboat" and "Drink Boys." Tom Powell "Nailed the Horseshoe to the Door," and Mr. Charles Morgan sang in grand style "Queen of the Earth," also C. Melson "In Our Happy Days." Jem Perkins was great in song and dance. On the chairman announcing Miss Ellen Geary would wind up the evening she met with a grand reception, and in a very neat speech thanked all the gentlemen who had that evening taken the chair, also the members of the club for granting the free use of the Hall. Then in her own inimitable style sang two new songs entitled "Give Honour Where Honour is Due," and "Place Upon this Flag a Mite of Green."

Needless to say, she came in for a rare ovation. In addition to the above the following also took the chair: Mr. J. O'Neal, president, Mr. J. De Hailes, N.E.B.G., Walter Jackson, and W. Baldock, of E.L.C. Amongst the large company were T. Revell, C. Cox, Sam Skinner, Tom Perkins, ex-pug, and Mike Carney, Old Phil, and pal Matt Gearing. The stage was ably managed by Mr. Charles Whitehead; musical director was Mr. Sam Aarons. The comfort of the visitors was well looked after by Mr. Con Cannon, secretary of club. Caed Millia Faltha to all. Thus ended a splendid night's entertainment.

**HENLEY AND TEN EYCK.—HENLEY** is on us once more, and so are the Diamond Sculls. The entries for the Diamonds remind us that the Henley stewards were at fault when they accepted the entry of the American sculler, Edward Hanlan Ten Eyck. The son of a famous professional sculler, Ten Eyck's amateur qualification was a decidedly doubtful one, and he certainly should never have been allowed to compete at Henley. He did so, however, in 1897, with the result that he won the Diamonds from H. T. Blackstaffe. In the following year the stewards went back on their former decision, and refused his entry, an unfortunate business considering that Ten Eyck had won the year before, and that Americans naturally put down his disqualification to jealousy on our part, and fear that he would again defeat our best men. Ten Eyck's entry ought never to have been accepted, but having once been allowed to gain possession of the Sculls, he should have been permitted to defend his title.

**LEN HURST V. MICHAEL O'NEILL**—Ten-Mile Race for £100.—There were about six hundred people present at the Southport Athletic Grounds last Wednesday evening to witness a ten-mile race, on level terms, for £50 aside, between Michael O'Neill (Adare) and Len Hurst (Edmonton). Betting was 6 to 4 on O'Neill. A splendid race ensued. Hurst made the running up to the last lap in the tenth mile when O'Neill made his effort and won easily by fifty yards. Time, 54min 33sec.

**YALE AND HARVARD UNIVERSITIES** Boat Race.—The boat race between eights of Yale and Harvard Universities took place on the Thames River, New London, Connecticut, on June 28, the course being four miles with the tide and down stream. Yale won, the time being 21min 12 2-5sec. The race was closely contested until about a quarter of mile from the finish, when Harvard got out of their course, and they passed the winning-post six and a half lengths behind the Yale boat.

**HARRY DIXON LEIGH, SON OF THE** famous Tom Leigh, head director of the Excelsior Baths, offers a splendid trophy for a bagatelle tournament, to start Monday, July 16; four heats to be played every night at the Gossett Arms, Gossett Street, Bethnal Green, every person competing to be present by 8.30 p.m., or his opponent will be given a walk over. Full details will appear in THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

**PEDESTRIANISM.—CHALLENGE TO** all Essex.—E. Laundry stands prepared to run any lad in Essex for twenty miles and upwards for the championship of Essex—he is twenty years, and an amateur—if any gentleman will give a prize worth running for. Match to take place on any road.

**IN THE ISLINGTON CARNIVAL PRO**fessor Newton had a well-executed car, "British Fort, with Shell-proof Shelter" (Messrs. Knowlman Bros.' assistants) was an object lesson of work at the front, and Mr. A. J. Newton's car, "Representation of National Sports," was a capital idea. A midget boxer punching a dummy figure caused any amount of laughter. The Professor wishes to thank Messrs. Heath and George for their assistance. This boxing car obtained the largest share of applause.

**THE LONDON ATHLETIC CLUB.**—The summer meeting of this club at Stamford Bridge, Fulham, was rendered more attractive by reason of several American athletes over for the championships competing, and there was a large attendance. Appended are results: Half-mile Challenge Cup Race.—H. E. Graham, 1; E. S. Ward, 2; A. Hunter, 3. Won by 20 yards. Time, 2min 3-5sec. 100 Yards Challenge Cup.—N. H. Pritchard, 1; C. H. Jupp, 2; the Bengal champion won by 2 yards. Time, 10 1-5sec. 100 Yards Handicap (final).—A. Trafford, L.A.C., 8 yards start, 1; H. Watson, Eversleigh F.C., 6½, 2; H. F. Pash, L.A.C., 9½, 3. Won by half a yard. Time, 10sec. 120 Yards Hurdles Challenge Cup.—N. H. Pritchard, 1; A. Trafford, 2; W. F. Owsley, 3; G. W Turner (holder), 0. Won by 2 yards. Time, 16 2-5sec. Throwing the Hammer.—C. T. Graham, L.A.C., 104ft 11½in, 1; W. Lawrence, L.A.C., 102ft 8in, 2. 120 Yards Hurdles Handicap (final).—C. W. Turner, L.A.C., owes 12 yards, 1; W. F. Owsley, L.A.C., owes 11 yards, 2. Won by half a yard. Time, 18 4-5sec. Pole Jump.—D. S. Horton and A. Coleman, both Princeton University, U.S.A., tied at 10ft 6in. Putting the Weight.—R. Garrett, Princeton University, 37ft 6½in, 1; C. T. Graham, L.A.C., 36ft, 2. Quarter-mile Handicap (final).—S. P. Wadson, L.A.C., 13 yards start, 1; H. F. Pash, L.A.C., 18, 2; C. G. Dawson, L.A.C., scratch, 3. Won by 2 yards; a yard between second and third. Time, 50 2-5sec. One Mile Handicap.—H. G. Lloyd, L.A.C., 75 yards start, 1; R. C. Beauchamp, L.A.C., 80, 2; W. W. Crowhurst, L.A.C., 160, 3. Won by 2 yards. Time, 4min 25sec. 600 Yards Handicap.—G. W. Jones, L.A.C., 19 yards start, 1; F. C. Woodward, L.A.C., 15, 2; H. F. Collier, 19, 3. Won by a yard. Time, 1min 15 1-5 sec. High Jump.—W. Carroll, Princeton University, U.S.A., 5ft 10¼in, 1; G. E. Lascelles, L.A.C., 5ft 9¼in, 2.

**SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS.—ONE** of the most important swimming galas ever held in this country was that given under the auspices of the Life Saving Society at Highgate Ponds on Saturday afternoon in aid of the War Fund. In addition to the race for the mile amateur championship—the blue riband of the swimming world—the programme included the annual contests for the National Diving Championship, and the breast-stroke and back-stroke swimming challenge shields. Though the weather was inauspicious, over 25,000 persons assembled to witness the various events. The diving contest was won by E. G. Coldwell, of Sandycove, Dublin. The back-stroke swimming race went to F. Battersby, of Stockport, the holder. The National Breast-stroke Championship was won by F. W. Saxton, of the St. Saviour's Club. A really marvellous display of the Swedish methods of diving was given by Messrs. Chas. Mauritzi, master of physical education at Owen's School, and O. Hagborg. The mile amateur champion, J. A. Jarvis, of Leicester, was able to retain his title in the mile race, but his time, 26min 26sec, was much slower than that of last year, when he created the record of 25min 13 2-5sec. A strong wind was, however, blowing across the course, and may have affected him. G. E. Sharp, of Leicester, swam well, and gained second place, his time being 28min 16sec. T. Wildgoose, of the Hyde Seal Club, was third. Of the fourteen men who started ten finished the distance inside the standard time of 35min. This is unprecedented in the history of the race, and is a sign that English clubmen are improving in long-distance swimming.

**THE TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL** sports of this corps came off on Saturday at the headquarters, Beaufort House, Walham Green. The Colonel Commandant of the regiment, H. W. Gray, V.D., was referee, and Lieut-Colonel C. H. Reid-Todd, V.D., and Major and Adjutant Reginald Campbell acted as judges. Captain Lewis and Captain W. R. J. McLean fired the pistol. The regimental brass band, under the direction of Bandmaster H. Lambert, performed an attractive programme of up-to-date music. Results: 100 Yards Handicap: A. J. Wells, 9yd start, 1; P. Brelby, 4yd, 2; F. T. Cornelius, scratch, 3; a foot covered the three. Officers' 100 Yards Handicap: Lieutenant P. W. Wells, 4yd start, 1; Lieutenant A. B. Watson, 2yd, 2; Lieutenant T. Walker, scratch, 3. Won by a yard and a half, half a yard between second and third. 200 Yards Handicap (boys under fourteen): A. Collins, 22yd start, 1; C. Bruce-Smith, 15yd, 2; C. P. Reid-Todd, 35yd, 3. Won by 4yd. 440 Yards Handicap: C. Hennell, 35yd start, 1; A. Wells, 35yd, 2; A. Orrin, 30yd, 3. Won by 11yd, 9yd between next couple. Bayonet Exercise: F Company, 1; H Company, 2. Costume Race: A. Orrin, 1; L. A. Johnston, 2. This race caused a lot of fun, which was much required to brighten things up a bit. The costumes (provided by Captain Bruce-Smith) were very comic, such as we see at Drury Lane at Christmas time. One Mile Handicap: C. F. Hennell, 90yd start, 1; P. Bryan, 90yd, 2; W. J. Pepper, scratch, 3. Won by 5yd; 15yd between second and third. Pepper had a mishap some 200yd from the tape, and limped home. He looked like winning. One Mile Bicycle Handicap: R. S. Steward, 10yd start, 1; L. Bruce-Smith, 50yd, 2; A. Sutton, 50yd, 3. Steward held himself back in his heat, although the time was faster than the first heat. In the second heat Lowden went over, and Sergeant Wakeham broke a toe-clip. Steward could always run away from the others, and won by over 100yd; 20yd between second and third. Obstacle Race: T. J. Box, 1; L. A. Johnston, 2. Tug-of-War: B Company beat A Company, two pulls to nil. Lloyd-Lindsay Inter-Company Competition: K Company, 1; C Company, 2. 200 Yards Veterans' Handicap: Lieutenant C. R. Johnson, 28yd start, 1; Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Grey, 20yd, 2; Colour-Sergeant Ridewood, 32yd, 3. Won by 12yd. For the best turned-out man (below rank of sergeant) five men turned out, and it was a hard matter to say which looked the smartest; one man foolishly had a few matches in his pouch. The prize went to Corporal J. H. Dorizzi, of E company. The presentation of prizes by Mrs. Horace W. Gray (wife of the colonel commandant) then took place. Afterwards members of the regiment and their friends had the usual fun as a final.

**ANGLING.—LADY CATCHES A 136lb.** Fish.—The tuna, or tunny, one of the gamest fighting fish for its size in the sea, according to a communication received in London on Thursday, has been providing great sport for rod and line anglers last month at Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, California. Fish of 136lb, 118lb, 116lb, and 89lb have been captured, and the heaviest "leaping tuna" mentioned was landed by a lady. This fish is in great demand in Italy and other Continental countries. It is dried until it becomes of the consistency of mahogany or a sailor's plug tobacco. When required for use it is cut with a sharp knife into thin slices, and eaten with oil, garlic, tomatoes, &c.

**J. DOLAN TO LEN HURST.—J** Dolan after his match with Sam Ball, of Darlington, July 14, of two miles for £80, will run Len Hurst two miles for £100 a-side four weeks from signing articles. Failing Hurst, Nolan will run any man in England two miles, first come first served. A reply will oblige, as business is only meant.

## BILL HANRAHAN.

**Sam Fitzpatrick's Find, Who is Open to Meet "Dido" Plumb, Frank Craig, or any Middle-weight in the World.**

*(With Portrait.)*

We present this week a portrait of Bill Hanrahan, who surprised the sports recently by knocking out "Kid" Carter in fast time. An exchange said: "Sam Fitzpatrick sprung a surprise at the Greenwood Athletic Club in Bill Hanrahan, the middle-weight from the New West Side Athletic Club. Hanrahan's opponent was 'Kid' Carter, of Brooklyn, who recently knocked Andy Walsh out, the latter standing Joe Walcott off for twenty rounds. On the strength of this Carter was made a hot favourite at 2 to 1, and the betting was lively. Hanrahan never was in danger, and after one of the wickedest fights of the season he put the 'Kid' to sleep in the twelfth round. Hanrahan's punching powers were greatly in evidence. Hanrahan has only been out of the amateur class a trifle over a year and is considered a first-class man by all who have seen him perform. In addition to wins over numerous boxers of more or less repute, he has knocked out Charley Goff, Jem Judge, and Carter, who recently beat Andy Walsh. Before turning professional, Hanrahan, who has just passed his twentieth birthday, won the amateur championship. He is clever, fast, and one of the hardest hitting middle-weights who ever drew on a glove. With a manager like Fitzpatrick, who knows how to train and second a boxer properly, it would not be surprising if he was hobnobbing with the top-notchers before the present year is passed. His admirers say he will." Knocked out by Tommy West in 17rds.

## JOE WILLIAMS,

**Of Rotherham, Who Defeated Frank Exall in Thirteen Rounds at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle, June 17.**

*(With Portrait.)*

JOE WILLIAMS was born at Rotherham, November 4, 1880, and has boxed with the best lads of his weight in numerous encounters. His contests are as follows: Beat W. Turner, beat W. Mooney, 4rds; beat Dunn (Sheffield) in 4rds; beat Kerwin, 18rds; beat "Curley" Wood, 4rds; beaten by Ted Beach, 20rds; beat George Irons, 10rds; beat Harry Brodigan, 3rds; beat W. Rowe; beat Young Johnson, 8rds; beat Charles Sloan, 8rds; beat Phellon McCleary and Richardson; beaten by Ernest Brady, 12rds; beat Johnny Hughes (Birmingham), 1rd; beat Frank Exall in 13rds at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle, June 27.

## GIRL IMPRISONED BY HER FATHER.

**Frenchman's Method of Reforming his Daughter.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

A FRENCHMAN named Pierre Luboc had, as he considered, an incorrigible daughter, and at times she had stayed away from home for several days. On her return from one of these excursions he took her to an empty room in which was fixed a large iron cage. Into this he forced the girl, and securing the door with a strong padlock, left her a prisoner. The girl was kept in confinement nearly four weeks, and it was only when enquiries were made by the authorities, who had by some means became acquainted with the fact, that the girl regained her liberty.

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## A JEALOUS HUSBAND HORSEWHIPS A SUPPOSED RIVAL.

**Intervention Came at an Opportune Moment.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

THE green-eyed monster jealousy has much to answer for. Only recently a wealthy planter married the daughter of one of his tenants, the girl being his junior by twenty years, and had at one time kept company with a younger man nearer her own age, and for whom she had a strong liking, but the planter's purse carried the day. The young couple met by accident and were seen by the husband, who was so enraged that, dismounting his horse, he rushed at the unoffending pair and brought his heavy riding-whip over the young man's shoulders, and would have done further harm had he not been restrained and the situation explained.

## THE WIFE WHO THRASHED HER HUSBAND.

**But the "Beak" Declined to Punish Her.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

THE strong hand of the law has stepped in and stopped the arm and boot of the wife beater, and those miserable domestic troubles which used to daily engage some worthy magistrate are now seldom heard of. The boot is now on the other foot, and the husband appeals to "his worship" to assist him. Even after she had assaulted the individual which she promised to love and obey, the gentleman that rules the bench will quietly inform the applicant that he is bound by matrimony to endure his misery. One irate female who publicly horse-whipped her husband escaped with a slight censure, so now is the time for the feminine gender to get their own back.

## THE CONDUCTOR WAS NOT FOND OF MUSIC.

**And Turned the Bagpipes off the Tram.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

ATTIRED in his tartan costume, with kilt and bagpipes, Donald McIntyre sought to save his feet by taking a ride on a tram, and to get back the bawbee, or rather his fare, he struck up a skirl on his beloved instrument, to hear which in the open country and at a distance is bad enough, but in the enclosed vehicle the ear-splitting horror was agony itself; but not for long was Mac allowed to interest his fellow-passengers, as the conductor, having no ear for music, requested the piping Scot to vacate his seat and leave the tram. He departed somewhat crestfallen, and mumbling something about a free country, looked indignant at the Southerner.

## AN IMBECILE WHO ANNOYED THE LADIES.

**His Mission in Life was to Kiss the Girls.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

A MAN of very weak intellect had to answer a peculiar charge of assault. It appears he was in the habit of annoying ladies in the parks, but finding that he was watched, made himself scarce in that quarter. Last week he started in a new style of annoyance by going to a carriage in which a lady was sitting, and tapped the window to attract attention. On the lady leaning forward to ascertain the man's intention he suddenly sprang forward, and before the person could recover from surprise he imprinted a kiss on her cheek. He is now under lock and key in an imbecile ward.

## TOMMY ATKINS RETURNS FROM THE WAR,

**And is the Idol of the Fair Sex, Who Administer to His Wants.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

INVALIDED home from the war, the man with no friends may find himself in the infirmary or some similar institution, and surrounded by strangers; but the wounded hero who returns to the bosom of his family, who probably are well to do, will find life a luxury, surrounded by the bright and happy faces of his female acquaintances, who attend to his creature comforts, and while sunning himself in the swinging net suspended beneath the trees find himself a recipient of their many favours.

## THOMAS COLQUITT,

**Of St. Helens, Matched to Jump C. Matthews, of Salford, at Wellington Grounds at Bury, July 21.**

*(With Portrait.)*

THOMAS COLQUITT, of St. Helens, and C. Matthews, of Salford, are matched to jump at three forward spring jumps, without weights; stand hop, two strides, and jump without weights; and run two spring jumps, with weights. The match will be decided at Wellington Grounds, Bury, on July 21.

**PRIVATE DICKER,**
**A Successful Pedestrian. Better Known as "Bradoe," of Wood Green.**

**GUS RUHLIN,**
**Who Defeated Tom Sharkey in Fifteen Rounds at the Seaside Athletic Club, New York, June 26, 1900.**

**CAPTURE OF A DESPERATE CRIMINAL ON THE CAPE RAILWAY.**
**A Diamond Thief Taken While in the Act of Secreting a Valuable Parcel.**

**TOM SHARKEY,**

**Of Dundalk, Ireland, who, After a Game and Determined Fight, was Defeated by Gus Ruhlin in Fifteen Rounds at the Seaside Athletic Club, New York, June 26, 1900.**

## BOXING ENTERTAINMENT AT WONDERLAND.

### EXCELLENT SPORT AND GOOD MANAGEMENT.

**IT IS NO WONDER THAT INTEREST** in the weekly tournaments at Wonderland continue to be well sustained. The public fairly revel in the sport, and no matter the weather will witness their friends in the magic circle. At this time of the year boxing is almost a dead letter, but at the celebrated resort in Whitechapel we find what at many establishments would be a crowded house. There are few halls in London (that are open to boxing) where between 800 and 900 would not be a packed house, but this one has accommodation for nearly 2,500, so that with the number mentioned above there were plenty of seats vacant. This applies to the reserved portion of the premises, as the working men were present in full force when the first pair entered the arena. When a good programme is advertised, from all quarters of the metropolis people are sure to come. The tit-bit of last Saturday evening was a special ten rounds contest between Ben Mercer, of New York, and Ernie Hunt, of Hoxton. The former is, we believe, one of Frank Craig's piccaninnies, and we venture to prophesy that he will become a champion at his weight, 7st 2lb. A nimble young lad, he, despite the disadvantage of about a stone and a half, looked like winning, but weight told its tale, and, after a hard battle, the bout was stopped to save him further punishment. With two good hands and a good guard he would be just the lad to make a set-to worth seeing with Joe Williams, of Rotherham, if they could come to terms. Their appearance in the ring indicated a battle royal, both being, as it is commonly termed, eager for the fray. It was a full house that greeted the magic words from the mouth of the champion tale-teller, the words, first couple. THE MIRROR OF LIFE acted as referee, with Bob Knott as timekeeper. Details :—Eight Rounds Contest: Bert Adams (Spitalfields) beat Nat Keyser (Spitalfields).—Adams had the advantage in weight, and after the opening round the tale, "When Greek meets Greek" was fully verified. Keyser, since boxing stopped at Woolwich, has been leading a life that is, to say the least, not the best for pugilists, and was no more fit to meet a strong, punishing opponent than a baby. At times he showed some of his old form, as Adams, when hit hard, boxed on the retreat, but at the close Adams won easily on points. Four Rounds Trial: Albert White (Deptford) and Albert Stevens (Bethnal Green).—Both have a lot to learn, especially Stevens, whose antics were very comical. They were in earnest, however, and White had the best of the bout, Stevens having a nasty habit of turning round with every blow. Six Rounds Contest: Jem Casey (St. Luke's) beat Archie Wright (Meat Market) —This proved the best bout of the night, both hitting very hard, and in the second round Casey sent his opponent out with a swinging blow on the point. Ten Rounds Contest for £25 a-side and a purse: Ben Mercer (America) and Ernie Hunt (England).—The black was seconded by Frank Craig and Jack Lewis, while Bill Pike and Ted Ware saw to the needs of his rival. Hunt was a lot the heavier but Mercer set a very hot pace, having greatly the best of the opening round. The pace then began to tell, and Hunt began to wipe off arrears. This he did, and soon sent his opponent round the ring, fighting him in every corner. The black went down a few times, and to save a game boxer further punishment the referee stopped the bout, and returned Hunt the winner. Six Rounds Contest: "Jumbo" Smith (Mitcham) and Harry Grant (Merton). In the good old days, when Nature's weapons were the weapons used, Smith would have been bad to beat, as strength and determination are both on his side. Grant has a good left hand, and though forced all over the ring managed to keep scoring. This continued all the way, and at the close they could not be separated. Another round was ordered, and Grant scored fast, his opponent's blows being neatly stopped, and at the end the verdict was Grant. Young Sharkey, the 10st 10lb champion of America, was introduced, and met with an enthusiastic reception. A scientific display between Tom Ireland and Bill Chester showed the art of self-defence in all its glory. Ten Rounds Contest: Harry Philpot (Bethnal Green) and Harry White (Deptford).—Philpot was the heavier, while his opponent was of the greyhound breed. This match was the outcome of one in which Philpot beat White's brother. He succeeded in his revenge, as he ended matters in the third round by sending Philpot to sleep. A special entertainment takes place next Saturday, when a fine night's sport will take place.

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Wonderland saw yet another change last week, when a galaxy of coloured vehicles assembled there to start on their journey through the East-end. Sportsmen of every grade gave a hand, the cyclists being especially grand, their variety of lamps, ribbons, &c., forming a pleasant contrast. A car was furnished by Joe Smith (who spent a day in fitting up the ring, punching ball, &c.) for the benefit of those who cannot help themselves (the widows and children). In the car were Charlie Hawkes (Bethnal Green) and "Dummy" Forest (Bethnal Green), who boxed twenty-eight three-minute rounds during the evening. Ted Goodson, Albert Hollings, Charlie Harrison, Jack Hennessey, Mike Casey, Dan Sullivan, Douglas Forest, sen., Joe and a host of Smiths, while the M.C. was Fred Williams, of Camden Town. Boxers generally know how to "nob," and for the help of our lads in red and blue they redoubled their efforts. In fact, silver and even gold rewarded their exertions. When the carnival was over they went round to the various houses, and after boxing three rounds the box went round again. The weight of these told at the finish, and many were the rests that the baker's dozen who carried the boxes had, as they were filled almost to excess. "Dummy" Forest wanted some money for his share in the work, and even when everything was explained, expressed his opinion that Hennessey went off with the box. Any way boxers all helped a deserving fund. In another car was Mrs. Smith, who looked perfection when dressed as Marie Lloyd, her features being similar. All the music-halls furnished cars, and as they thoroughly understand the art of spectacular display their efforts were worth seeing. The best of the show was perhaps the storming of Spion Kop, though England Rules the Waves and Britain and her Defenders ran them close. The show was about three and a half miles in length, and took 1 hour and 50 minutes to pass. In Commercial Road a certain *gentleman* had a seat at a window, and when he was seen, got a warm reception, as he is a well-known pro-Boer, well known in East Street he is; but had the Britishers known what he was the place would have been wrecked. As it was a few kept them back by alluding to the harm they might do the women and children.

**BOXING AT FORT DELHI, INDIA.**—The principal event on the programme on June 1 was a twelve rounds contest between Sting Burdett and Humpty Randall, who fought at catch-weight for 200 rupees a-side and a 100 rupees purse. Randall was seconded by Bill Page, whilst Burdett had in his corner Busty Swain. The contest proved to be a very exciting one. Burdett was much the bigger man, but Randall was supposed to be more scientific. They had no sooner reached the centre than they went in hammer and tongs with two-handed work. Burdett's size and reach helped him considerably in a contest which consisted of hard hitting rather than science. In the first round Burdett was knocked down and he was sent through the ropes. The second round went more evenly, but was fiercely contested, and in the third round Randall went considerably in front with some hard body punches, and he had Burdett dazed when the interval arrived. The next three rounds were finely contested, Randall again doing most of the fighting, and Burdett had to thank his well-fleshed ribs that he was able to stand the punishment. He came up gamely, however, and Randall's inexperience allowed him plenty of opportunity to recover. The contest ran all in favour of Randall, and in round eleven, after Burdett had been knocked down and taken the full limit to rise, he was again sent through the ropes. Tom Carpenter was referee and timekeeper. The contest proved very exciting while it lasted. Both men were marked badly, more especially Burdett. Randall has come on rapidly, he used fine judgment, and has the making of a good lad. Mark Smith defeated Busty Monk in a three rounds contest.

**TOM DIXON, EX-9st 6lb CHAMPION** of the North, writes: Seeing in your last edition a challenge from Alf Barnard to box anyone in the north of England at 9st 10lb, I will box him twenty rounds with 4oz gloves for £25 or £50 a-side at 9st 10lb. Failing Barnard I will box Albert Rodgers, of Sheffield, at 9st 10lb, or Jem Barry, of St. James's, if any boxing promoter in the north of England will give a purse.

## TOMMY WEST KNOCKS OUT BILL HANRAHAN.

### (From Our Own Correspondent at the Ring Side.)

**NEW YORK, JUNE 20.—TOMMY** West, the well-known middle-weight, struck a hard proposition in Bill Hanrahan, a former local amateur, at the Seaside Sporting Club, Coney Island, last night. It is true that Hanrahan was knocked out in the seventeenth round, when it was least expected, but up to that time he was in good physical condition, and had West sorely worried. West was a 2½ to 1 favourite over Hanrahan. The former's seconds were Harry Tuthill, Pete Burns, "Matty" Matthews, and Tommy Moran. The handlers of Hanrahan were Sam Fitzpatrick, Jack O'Brien, and Billy Gilbert. The conditions were twenty-five rounds at 158 lb, weigh in at three o'clock. Both scaled under the limit. John White was referee. West's left hand was well bandaged. Before they began Tom Sharkey was introduced, and made a low bow in response to the applause. West opened with a hard rush, but Hanrahan almost knocked him down with a couple of great right-handers on the neck. Then West stood off and tried long-range work, but he would not go in close during the rest of the round. West had hardly opened the second with a couple of long lefts when Hanrahan caught him behind the ear with a right-hander, and made him stumble down. West jumped up and resumed his straight hard lefts in Bill's face, the latter swinging heavily with both hands, and having Tommy guessing at the gong. West bored in as the third began. He put in several sharp lefts to the eye and mouth, Hanrahan swinging to the neck and pounding the kidneys with great power. The latter lost a fine chance to put his man in serious trouble a moment before the bell. West kept on with lefts in the fourth. He also puzzled his man with feints, but Hanrahan, whenever West got close enough, swung hard for the head. West finally put in solid smashes to the mouth, which drew a speck of blood. West also went after the stomach, and had Hanrahan worried when time was up. West jumped in for the fifth with a quick left-hand smash on the mouth. Hanrahan countered on the head, but West was in again with more lefts and several heavy rights on the body. West was not so aggressive in the sixth. He jabbed away at long range, when suddenly Hanrahan cut loose with a rush and let out swing after swing, which put West on the defensive to the end. West landed right on the jaw as Hanrahan came out for the seventh. He tried it again, and Bill mixed it. West slipped down, and when he got up Hanrahan went in to stop him. West met him with facers and right-handers over the heart. Hanrahan continued his heavy swings, however, until West retreated. The latter was in no hurry to rush matters in the eighth, but he scored what few points were in evidence. Hanrahan cut loose in the ninth, and outfought his man all over the ring, until West made a protest to the referee about an alleged foul. The tenth round was Hanrahan's. West was very cautious in the eleventh. Hanrahan was clearly fouled on two occasions, and West was warned. Hanrahan began rushing in the twelfth, and he kept up his attack to the bell. Hanrahan was the aggressor in the thirteenth. West clinched, and began to foul. He was warned. The latter shifted around on the defensive until time was up. Hanrahan's rushing and heavy hitting in the fourteenth made West hang on at every opportunity. Hanrahan had the round with ease. West tried rushing in the fifteenth, and put in some body blows, but Hanrahan stopped this with hot left jabs in the face. West went after the body again in the last minute, but no harm was done. West piled in at the beginning of the sixteenth with right-handers over the heart. He soon shot the right up for the jaw, but missed. Hanrahan smashed West full in the face with lefts, and made him clinch with rights on the stomach. Hanrahan put in terrible body blows during the first half of the seventeenth. West stood in close, and they mixed it up. As they broke out of a clinch West put over a right-hook flush on the point of the jaw. It made Hanrahan wobble. West was about to rush when the referee got in the way and warned him for hitting on the break-away. Then West went after his man, who was still in distress, and knocked him out with another heavy wollop on the head. Time of the round, two minutes.

**EDWIN BLANDFORD, SEEING THAT** Joe Matler, of Bedlington, wants to box any pit lad in the two counties, Blandford will box him the best of twenty rounds at catch-weights if Mr. Michael Hailes, of Newcastle, will give a purse, or any other gentleman in Newcastle.

## JACK O'BRIEN DEFEATED BY TIM KEARNS.

### (From Our Own Correspondent at the Ring Side.)

**NEW YORK, JUNE 18.—JACK** O'Brien, the local pugilist, who has the credit of fighting draws with such men as Frank Erne and George McFadden, received a decided check in his march forward for light-weight honours at the Seaside Sporting Club, of Coney Island, on Saturday night. O'Brien met Tim Kearns, of Boston, in a twenty-five rounds bout at 133lb, but was disqualified for an infraction of the rules in the sixth. The defeat of O'Brien will not take much polish off his record, for up to the time of the termination of the battle he had Kearns pretty nearly beaten. About two thousand sports were present when the stars of the night stepped into the ring. While the lads were putting on their gloves Gus Ruhlin and Tommy West were introduced. They both were warmly received. O'Brien's handlers were Tom O'Rourke, Charlie Kelly, and Frank Patterson. Kearns's seconds were "Al" McMurray, Tommy Feltz, and Harry Tuthill. Straight Queensberry rules prevailed. O'Brien was the favourite at 2 to 1. O'Brien started the ball a-rolling with two straight ones on the nose, which began to bleed. Kearns seemed to be nettled after this, and O'Brien got to him easily. On the break-away Tim swung the left and almost tumbled Jack to the boards. O'Brien took the lead in the second, but ran into a heavy left in the wind. Then Jack hammered Kearns's stomach and jaw incessantly. Tim stood the onslaught heroically. In the third O'Brien punched Kearns viciously about the face and jaw. Kearns's eyes were split when he emerged from the mix-up, and his face was covered with gore. Although weak he made a hot rally and was full of fight. Kearns was still bleeding when he came up to the fourth. He was careful, and after taking two hard ones on the wind, nailed O'Brien with good effect under the heart. He was very slow, and allowed O'Brien to punch him without stint. He was game to the core, and looked very badly used as he took his chair. O'Brien was on top of Kearns in the fifth. Kearns permitted him to hammer away, and seemed to relish it. Tim seemed very strong when he toed the scratch for the sixth. A few jabs on the mouth from O'Brien's left soon made the blood appear. O'Brien, as they retired to the ropes, shot out the left, and caught Kearns suspiciously low. It was an accident, apparently, but Jack was warned. When they came together again O'Brien cut out a terrible pace. Kearns's face was a sight, with gashes here and there. Still, he was plucky, and stood the gaff. In a mix-up, O'Brien used the back of his hand and landed a half-pivot blow on Tim's face. The referee, Charley White, told him not to repeat the offence, under penalty of being disqualified. O'Brien seemingly forgot the warning, for the next time their gloves met O'Brien struck Kearns the same way. Thereupon White promptly gave the fight to Kearns on a foul.

**BOXING AT NEWCASTLE.—J. NEL**son v. W. Gordon (America) for £50.—At Hexham House Saloon Newcastle, early last week, J. Nelson boxed W. Gordon, of America, the best of fifteen rounds for £15 a-side and a £20 purse. Nelson was seconded by "Dido" Vardy, Charles Watts, and "Spider" Carr, while Gordon had in his corner O'Hagan, of America, and Tate and Gray, of Newcastle. W. Curley acted as referee, and M. Nealis held the watch. There was a large audience, including a strong contingent of sportsmen attending the Newcastle Race Meeting. Odds of 2 to 1 were freely laid on Nelson, who had vanquished his ebony-coloured opponent about a fortnight ago. Gordon was some two inches taller, and also possessed a longer reach than the Tynesider, but the latter was in excellent condition. From the outset Nelson forced the fighting, and cleverly out-manœuvring his opponent in ringcraft, scored decisively with both left and right on body and face. Before the third round had expired he had out-pointed the Yankee so frequently that odds of 4 to 1 were readily laid upon him, and it was evident that he greatly improved his lead largely through the coaching of Dick Burge, who stood at his corner. In each round the Tynesider asserted his superiority, and at the close of the contest was awarded the verdict.

**JACK GUYON CALLED UP TO THE** MIRROR OF LIFE to say that he would only be too pleased to take a trip to Ireland and box Young for the purse (£10) which he offers. No doubt, Young being such a favourite in Ireland, the match would be a big draw, and a good gate would be the result. Guyon will be quite satisfied with the tenner should he win it! Guyon, however, will not cross over without a bit on account for expenses.

## JOE WILLIAMS DEFEATS FRANK EXALL.

**LAST WEDNESDAY EVENING AT** Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Joe Williams, of Rotherham, defeated Frank Exall, of London, in thirteen rounds. The fight:—Round 1. Both stood very wide, and in a good round, both trying, there was very little in it, both leading in turn, but showing very little defence. Frank made play with the left, but was short. Then followed an even rally, prior to which the Londoner was staggered by a left and right on either side of the head. The ensuing exchanges were fast and equal. For the second meeting both were boxing well until, with a half-arm jab on the jaw, Williams sent Exall to the floor. The latter soon recovered, and had none the worst of matters until the finish. The third round was slightly in favour of Williams, who was brought to the boards, but a claim of "Foul" was dismissed.—In the fourth round there was very little done, Exall showing the best defence. Starting the fifth, Exall led off, but was nicely stopped, and Williams then continuing to lead had the best of it. Williams continued to use the left well, and had slightly the best of the sixth engagement. Although Exall countered well in the seventh meeting, Williams held his own with counters on the face. In the eighth round, following a jab on the face, Exall brought his right on the jaw without effect, but although Williams did not like the visitation, he boxed well to the finish of the round. Both meant mischief in the ninth round, and several times they had to break away after coming to close quarters. Once or twice Exall tried his right, but the blows were too far behind, and he got a steadier on the way. Just as "Time" was called Exall again tried his right, but Williams ducked well out of danger. Exall led off at the tenth meeting, but was nicely guarded, and both used their right hand, Joe Williams having the better of it. This was the best round up to now. Starting again, Williams kept his man well at bay, both showing signs of being very tired. Although Exall did a lot of leading Williams was very clever with his head, but undoubtedly Exall had the better of this round. For the twelfth round Williams showed trickiness, and had much the better of the exchanges, Exall going to his corner very weak, and evidently having had the worst of it. On facing each other for the thirteenth and last meeting Williams at once went in to settle the matter, and although Exall stuck pluckily for a few seconds to the give-and-take work, he got a good one on the jaw, and was counted out. The battle was one of the fiercest seen in the North for a long time, and Exall, although he had to submit to defeat, found many friends.

**BOXING AT BIRMINGHAM.** — A Curious Verdict.—G. Harper, of Salford, v. Young Snow, of Deptford, for a Tenner.—Betting was 2 to 1 on Snow, who was all but out when the referee stopped the contest and gave him the verdict. Details:—Round 1. Snow opened with a left to the dial, Harper sending in some smart body blows which made Snow jump a bit. Snow was floored several times, it being in favour of Harper. Round 2. Harper started well by placing the left to Snow's dial and a couple to the heart, in which Snow was nearly finished, Harper having the best of matters. Round 3. Both opened with heavy blows to the body, which made both blow, followed by some light sparring; matters even in this round. Round 4. Harper opened with the left to the heart, which put Snow in distress, when the referee stopped the contest, and gave the award to Snow, which the crowd hooted.

**BOXING AT LEEDS.** — **A LARGE** company witnessed some fine boxing early last week at the Leeds and County Athletic Club, Harrison Street, Leeds. In a six rounds contest, J. Stewart (black) got the verdict over E. Mason, after going all the way. G. Parfitt, of Leeds, beat W. Smith, of Leeds (black), in the first round of a six rounds bout; and Reynolds and Orange, both of Leeds, boxed a six rounds draw. The remainder of the evening was devoted to exhibition boxing, the exponents being G. Bridgemount and L. Carroll, both of Leeds, and W. Cohen and N. Soloman, both of Leeds.

**CONTEST IN LEEDS.**—**A LARGE** company assembled at the Leeds and County Athletic Club last Monday night. The first six rounds contest between W Stewart and Hugh Naylis, both of Leeds, went the full number of rounds, Naylis winning a good set-to. J. Goulding, of Leeds, had matters all his own way against W. Smith (black), of Sheffield, putting his opponent out in the second round. J. Cohen, of Leeds, beat J. Carroll, of Leeds, after a splendidly-contested bout, the pair going the whole of the six rounds. Exhibition bouts between Hopkins, of Arnley, and Pinder, of Leeds, and N. Solomon and J. Simons, of Leeds, completed a capital evening's sport.

**BILL LAMPSHIRE, IN ANSWER TO** Charley Simpson, of Birmingham, will box him according to his challenge at 8st 4lb for £50 a-side and the N.S.C. purse in September.

## GUS RUHLIN DEFEATS TOM SHARKEY.

**WE HAVE RECEIVED THE FOL**lowing cablegram from America:—

NEW YORK, *June 27.*

THE MIRROR OF LIFE, *London.*

*Last night, at the Seaside Athletic Club, Coney Island, Gus Ruhlin defeated Tom Sharkey in fifteen rounds. Ruhlin was taller and heavier than Sharkey, and being longer in the reach he held the lead throughout. Sharkey repeatedly fouled Ruhlin, but the referee ordered the men to fight on. Sharkey, after seemingly being beaten, showed wonderful recuperative powers, and continued to fight with renewed vigour. Finally nature gave out, and in the fifteenth round, after being knocked down three times, the referee gave the fight to Ruhlin. Before the contest Sharkey was a 10 to 8 favourite and he was looked on as a sure winner.*

MARTIN.

**GREAT BOXING CONTEST AT** Merthyr. — "Punchey" Jones v. Ivor Thomas.—Professor Patsy Perkins's Benefit.—The Prince of Wales Circus, Merthyr Tydfil, was the scene of the wildest enthusiasm on Friday night, when the place was crammed to the doors on the occasion of a complimentary benefit given to Professor Patsy Perkins, of Southampton, the 10st champion of Wales and the West of England, and who has conducted a series of boxing competitions at the Circus during the last six months. Some of the best boxers of Wales gathered round him, for Patsy (as he is called by his intimate friends) has for many years led the way in boxing, and has fought and won many a stiff fight. On this night George Jones, better known as "Punch," of Aberaman, fought Ivor Thomas, of Ynyshir, for a purse of £25, the conditions being ten rounds of three minutes each, strictly under the Marquis of Queensberry rules. Ivor Thomas, who is staying at the Three Salmons at Merthyr, has a splendid record, and this was his first fight in Wales since he defeated Harry Chamberlain, of London, at the National Sporting Club, after fifteen rounds. He is acknowledged to be the 9st 2lb champion of Wales, and has boxed and defeated the best known fisters in the Principality. On this occasion his seconds were Bill Williams and Sam Butcher, his brother, also a well-known Welsh boxer. "Punchey" Jones also has a good reputation, and has hardly ever known defeat. He weighs 10st 9lb, and is achampion with the knuckles. He has beaten Jem Parry Jones, at Aberaman, for £25; Mike Hitchings, on Llanwonno Mountain, for £10, with knuckles; Tommy Roberts, at Neath, for £20, with knuckles; Jack Notley, Ynyshir, on Merthyr Mountain, for £25 a-side, with knuckles; Dai Shenkin Bach, at Llantrisant, for £10 a-side, and beat him after sixteen rounds, and he defeated Prosser, of Cwmbach, in a knuckle contest after six rounds, and has put 'em up with Isaiah Thomas. On this night he was seconded by Mockin Lewis and Rees Jones, the well-known Welsh stepper. Before the fight commenced Prof. Perkins and Jem Tolley, of Birmingham, the Brothers Macks, and Rees Macey and Colman gave an exhibition of the noble art, and delighted everyone with their science and knowledge of the technicalities of the game. There was a miscellaneous programme of events, in which Mr. Aladdin Gibbs, a well-known harpist, Mr. Rees Price, Merthyr's favourite comedian and jockey; Mr. Bill Williams, negro comedian; Mr. Jake Thomas, comic; Mr. Ben Thompson, solo tenor; Mr. L. Powell, baritone; Mr. J. Reynolds, song and dance artist, and many others took part, showing the great popularity enjoyed by the beneficiaire of this night's performance. Professor Perkins boxed Jim Young, the 11st 7lb champion of Mile End; Plumb, the middleweight champion of England; Charles Barkley, the Meat Market black, of London, on two occasions; Phil Wells, 10st champion; and C. Thomas, of Cardiff, for £100 at Swansea; Tom Rooney, Plymouth, and won £100 and the whole of the gate money, being successful in each case. He has now retired from active service and resides at Southampton, where his professional skill is very much sought after. He left Merthyr early this week to go back among his old friends, and will give a call at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office on Friday or Saturday. All arrangements being complete the contestants entered the ring at 9.30 o'clock. The contest was very well fought, but Thomas showed the best form, and he won loud encomiums for his dexterity in jabbing. In the first round both men displayed good spirit, and honours seemed equal, though in third minute Thomas gained many points. In the second round there was a similar display, and also in the third, but in the fourth round Thomas gave "Punch" a straight left-hander on the jaw, nearly sending him to the floor. Thomas showed much "mercy," and allowed him time to recover, a chance seldom given in contests of this kind. After this "Punch" kept on the defensive. The fifth and sixth rounds proved very exciting, both men fighting hard, though people expected a better show on the part of "Punch." The manner in which Thomas refrained from knocking his opponent when golden opportunities offered surprised the audience; Thomas might have rendered him hors de combat earlier in the fight. Before time was announced for the seventh round Professor Patsy Perkins announced that "Punch" had given in, news which was received with wild enthusiasm, as the people expected better things from him. Thomas was, therefore, declared the victor. There is a feeling of dissatisfaction in sporting circles at the result, but Ivor Thomas challenges to meet any 9st man in Wales, and offers to meet "Punchey" for £50 or £100 a-side. Jem Tolley, of Birmingham, and J. Davies, of Aberdare, were timekeepers.

**EASTLEIGH v. NEW CROSS.**—Pennell (Eastleigh) v. Deane (New Cross).—Pennell retains his unbeaten record by winning the fifteen rounds contest.—This important event was to have taken place on Bank Holiday Monday last, but owing to the Eastleigh candidate being unable to put in an attendance same had to be postponed. A grand attendance assembled to witness the contest, most of whom seemed to be in favour of Deane. The opening stages were of a cool and even aspect, each man taking special notice of the other's movements, and warding off strong attacks in good style. The second round was of a brisker nature, and Pennell falling on the defensive forced his opponent to take the lead, which apparently he would rather have rejected. The third round went in Pennell's favour, for no sooner had it opened than Deane found himself lying at full length on the ground. He, however, resumed, and matters proceeded steadily. The fourth round was taken easy and cautiously. The fifth round opened with some quick and capital work, Pennell immediately on the start beginning to force matters, and in less than no time sent his opponent to the ground twice in quick succession. This had no effect, and the sixth round was opened in a similar fashion, and midway through same a splendid delivery by Pennell's left again laid his opponent low, but the blow not being forced it proved ineffective. The seventh round Pennell took easy, while his opponent had his turn at trying to deal the deciding blow, but Pennell was more than his master, and his effort proved ineffective. Pennell, however, was in no hurry to exert himself, for he still took matters steady, and although he made several dangerous openings (apparently purposely), his opponent rejected the opportunity. This brought matters to the ninth round, in which Pennell awakened, and, with some of his tricky and deceivable movements, thoroughly outclassed his opponent, who was almost useless. In the tenth round Pennell still continued to press, and with some dashing and knockabout drivers laid his opponent again low in splendid style. Then opened the eleventh round, in which Pennell held the advantage, and, making for the deciding blow with splendid dash, he obtained same amid great excitement of the spectators. Pennell plans his work well, and the splendid finish he puts upon his matches is to him and his club a great credit. The gymnasium contest went off in grand style, and was highly appreciated. Both men's tricks throughout caused much laughter. Brixton has now challenged Eastleigh for their shield and the Croydon Cup, one of which they say they are confident of winning. They cannot know much about the Eastleigh candidates or they would not be so confident. They have some hard nuts to crack before they obtain it, I imagine. Will Pennell represent Eastleigh, please? What say to this, Brixton? Ask Croydon the question. The first round takes place on July 11.

**JOE WILLIAMS, OF ROTHERHAM,** is surprised at Tom Snow, of London, challenging the world at 6st 12lb, weigh in 3 p.m., and then not going on with it. Joe Williams is open to box anybody in the world from 6st 12lb to 7st 2lb, nobody barred. Brodigan, of Manchester, challenged the winner before boxing at Newcastle at 7st 6lb. Little Joe told Brodigan that he would box him, win or lose, for £100 on his own terms. Frank Morecambe had a challenge out to box Joe before this; Joe will box him for as much money he likes, and if he has no backers, best purse offered. Little Joe Williams and his father, Joe, wish to thank Mr. Barrass, wine and beer merchant, and Mr. Anderson, White Horse Hotel, and Jack Mutter, of Sunderland, for their kindness during their stay at Newcastle.

**CURLEY, OF PADDINGTON, WOULD** like to box A. Kemery, of Bath, ten, fifteen, or twenty rounds at catch-weight if Mr. Bradbury or anyone in the West of England will give a purse worth boxing for. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will be attended to at once.

**BILLY ROSS TO BERT SMITH.**—Billy Ross will box Bert Smith according to his challenge, but would like to know the amount of the purse; will also make a deposit of £25 as side bet, and take Mr. Hargrave's 5 to 4, winner to take the lot; to box in six weeks from signing articles. A reply with deposit will oblige.

**ALF SLATER ("OLD SKIDDY")** will shortly take a benefit at the West-end. The venue will be shortly announced.

## JOE BERNSTEIN DEFEATS SOLLY SMITH.

### (Special Report.)

**NEW YORK, JUNE 23.— SOLLY** Smith, the Californian feather-weight, was disqualified for committing a deliberate foul in the fourteenth round of his glove fight with Joe Bernstein of this city, at the Broadway A.C. last night. Smith's case was practically hopeless at the time, which convinced the talent that he wanted to lose on a technicality rather than be put to sleep. The house was fairly large, and a number of electric fans made the air unusually cool. Austin Rice, of New London, and "Kid" Watson, of Philadelphia, provided an interesting preliminary bout, stated to go twelve rounds at catch-weights. In the ninth round, when Rice appeared to be in distress, he rallied, and with a series of heavy swings on the jaw he knocked Watson out. Bernstein was favourite over Smith at odds of 100 to 80. Bernstein's seconds were Jimmy Franks, Jake Stern, Billy Whitman, and Billy Dacey. Smith was looked after by Johnny Connors, Jim Carroll, and Billy Selfridge. The match called for twenty-five rounds at 124lb. John White was referee. When the principals stripped it was seen that Smith was not in the best of shape. Bernstein was as hard as nails. Smith began with a rush, which was blocked off. He tried another, lost his balance, and while he had one hand on the floor Bernstein sent him down with a punch in the ribs. It was not a foul, and Smith was up roughing it the next moment. Smith rushed some more, but each time Bernstein clinched and was not even jarred. Smith rushed incessantly in the second round. Bernstein met him with several effective stomach blows and swings on the head. Smith missed many swings and upper-cuts in the third round. He tried to land his right on the jaw, but Bernstein was too clever. Finally Smith began to hang on in clinches and refused to break until the referee pulled him away. In the fourth round, as Smith was holding in clinches again, Bernstein wrestled him to the floor. Smith missed more heavy swings while Bernstein continued to reach his stomach. Bernstein landed the more accurate smashes in the fifth round, but there was still no end of hugging and roughing by both men. Bernstein went after his man in the sixth round, and Smith was soon floored with body blows. When he got up Bernstein was after him again, and Smith swung desperately for the jaw. He reached it once with a flyer, but Bernstein put him down again with a belt in the stomach. After that they roughed it in a series of clinches to the gong. Bernstein got in more good whacks in the seventh round, especially in the face. But Smith was always dangerous with his swings, which he never stopped using. Smith's right eye was closing as he came up for the eighth round. Bernstein forced matters, but let up when he received a hard wallop on the neck. The latter soon rushed, however, and as Smith slipped to one knee Joe hit him on the head. No foul was allowed, and the round ended tamely. Smith got so many punches in the stomach during the ninth round that he was tired and not over anxious to continue when he went to his chair. The betting was then 3 to 1 that Bernstein would win. Smith was warned for holding in the tenth round. Bernstein roughed it, and Smith, thoroughly angry, went in like a tiger with rushes and swings. Bernstein was equal to this game and Smith quickly tired. Both roughed it again in the eleventh round. Smith's eye, nose, and mouth were puffed. Bernstein knocked him down with a left in the chin, but Solly leaped up and was fighting like a wild cat at the bell. Smith fought all through the twelfth round with renewed strength. He sent Bernstein down for a moment with a swing that landed behind the ear. Bernstein had the greater strength, however, and at no time was in distress. Smith was blowing when he sat down. His face was covered with puffing bruises. In the thirteenth round both men plugged away and clinched as much as they pleased. Smith was knocked down in the fourteenth round with half a dozen lefts in the face. When he got up Bernstein was after him like a flash, and Solly was floored twice more in rapid succession. But he was game, and, steadying himself, he rushed blindly until Bernstein retreated to a corner. Smith finally hit below the belt, and was promptly disqualified. It was a palpable foul. The round was just over when the offence was committed.

**JOE BENNETT, WHO SOME YEARS** since was the 6st 10lb champion, and fought such men as Walter Croot, Alf Buckingham, Bill Bolton, and lost in the final of the 7st competition at Her Majesty's Theatre, is alive and well, but jolly hard up. Will any old pal or patron assist "poor Joe."

(*Continued on page* 14.)

"SPOT,"
A Well-known Dog who has Collected for his Proprietor, for Charitable Purposes, a Large Sum of Money.

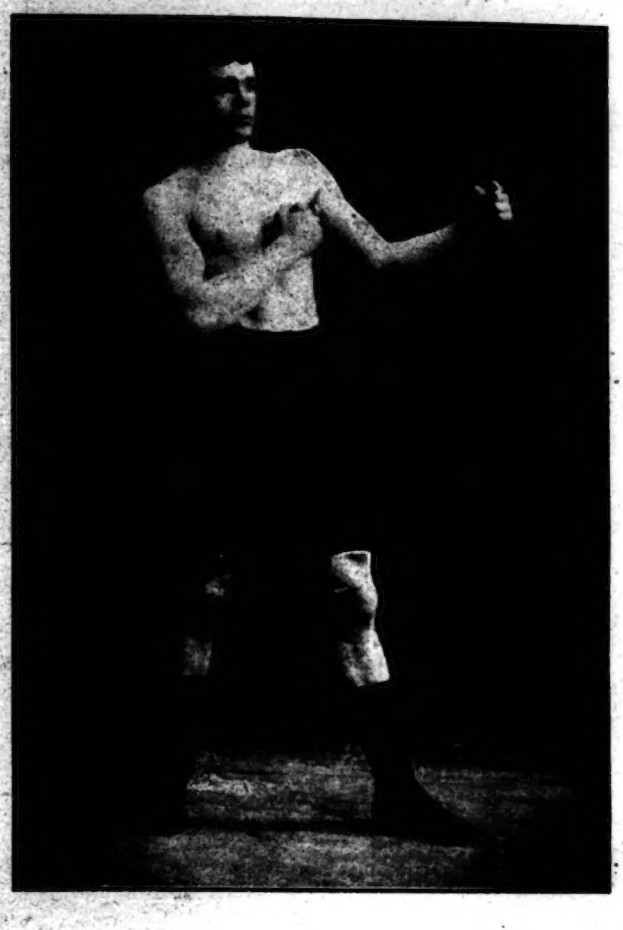
TOMMY ATKINS RETURNS FROM THE WAR,
And is the Idol of the Fair Sex, who Administer to his Wants.

THE WIFE WHO THRASHED HER HUSBAND,
But the "Beak" Declined to Punish her.

THOMAS COLQUITT,
Of St. Helens, Matched to Jump C. Matthews, of Salford, at Wellington Grounds, Bury, July 21.

HE MADE A SKETCH FROM NATURE.
The Artist and his Pencil; his Subject Full of Beer.

THE LATE TROOPER LANE,
Who was Killed in South Africa Whilst Fighting Against the Boers.



**BILL HANRAHAN.**

**Sam Fitzpatrick's Find, who is Open to Meet "Dido" Plumb, Frank Craig, or any Middle-weight in the World.**

**TOMMY WEST,**

**Who Knocked Out Bill Hanrahan in Seventeen Rounds at the Seaside Sporting Club, New York.**

**THE CONDUCTOR WAS NOT FOND OF MUSIC,**

**And Turned the Bagpipes Off the Tram.**

**THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S NOTICE TO QUIT.**

**A Strong Hint to those who would Overstay their Welcome.**

(*Continued from Page* 11.)

## BOXING NOTES FROM DUBLIN.

**THE BOXING TOURNAMENT HELD** at the Mechanics' Theatre, Lower Abbey Street, on last Wednesday night, June 27, was a great success, and should help to revive boxing in Dublin. There was a full house. The only place slack was the ringside, but there were a few sporting men and pencillers at the ringside. I noticed such men at the tournament as Jack Hickey, at one time middle-weight champion; Mike Swain, Jem Clarke, Dick Tynam, Jemmy Lee, Davy McDonagh, Tommy Monk, and Dan Young. The sport started with a four rounds spar with Young Reid and Jack Cheevers. The bout was well received. The next pair to don the mittens was Dan Murphy and Jack Hoare, with Murphy a shade the best of it. The next item was a ten rounds contest for a purse and side bet between Jem Burke and Bill Hampton. Burke was seconded by Whelan and Jemmy Miney, and Hampton was seconded by Jack Kavanagh and Young Doyle. Jack Hickey was referee. It went the full ten rounds, and Hickey gave it a draw. The next to enter the ring was O'Neil v. Unknown to box four rounds, which brought applause from the gods. The next on the programme was the best fight of the night; this was a twenty rounds fight between Jem De Wale and Pat De Lap. De Wale was to meet an Unknown, but he did not turn up. They fought eight hard rounds when De Lap had to give in. But De Lap got great credit for his gameness and fighting De Wale at a moment's notice. The next was the fight for the amateur light-weight championship of Ireland, but it was of short duration; it only lasted one minute, with Fitzpatrick knocking out Morgan. After the fight Fitzpatrick challenged anyone in Ireland at 9st 12lb. The first to enter the ring was Fitzpatrick and his seconds, Mick Healy and Jem De Wale, and shortly after to enter the ring was Morgan and his seconds, Jemmy Miney and Rooney. Jem Clarke was referee, and Bob McKenna was timekeeper. Round 1, and last. Fitzpatrick commenced business with a rush, landing blow after blow on Morgan's body, and rushing him to the ropes, Fitz driving the left to the stomach and bringing the right with terrible force on to the point of the jaw, knocking Morgan out. It was ten minutes before Morgan came to. This was the only drawback at the show, this fight being so short, but it was one of the best boxing shows seen in Dublin this long time.

At a meeting of the old members of the Emerald School of Arms a vote of sympathy was passed to the parents and relations of the late Stephen Smith, of the 1st Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, who died in South Africa from enteric fever. Also a vote of sympathy to his old comrades in South Africa, who were past members of the Emerald School. Poor Stephen had always a good word to say of every one. He was always in a good humour; always jolly and good-natured. And he was also a good man, and won several glove fights. Poor Stephen! his chums in South Africa will miss him. Hoping that all his old comrades may come home safe from South Africa to fight their battles over again in the old Emerald School of Arms. There was also a vote of sympathy passed to Myler Keough, middle-weight champion of Ireland, at the death of his wife. Jem De Wale and his backer called at *Sport* office on Friday night and had the money there to back De Wale; but Young did not turn up. As to appointment, I think there is more talking in Young than fighting.

**BOXING IN SOUTH WALES.**—JACK Murphy, of Merthyr, was dissatisfied with the result of the glove contest between himself and Redmond Colman at the Prince of Wales' Circus, Merthyr, on June 22. Then both contested for a purse of £10, and after thirteen rounds Murphy, suddenly getting the cramp in his leg, gave up the sponge, leaving Colman the victor. Murphy declared that but for this unfortunate occurrence he would have come off best, and in order to decide who was the best man he offered to box Colman for another purse of £10 and a side stake. Colman readily accepted the challenge, and the contest came off at the "Prince" on Tuesday week, before a very large audience, Mr. Alf Norton, the popular manager, making all necessary arrangements. That the fight would be "boisterous" there was not the slightest doubt, because there were but six rounds to be contested, of two minutes each, and one minute rest, 6oz gloves to be used, and strictly under the Marquis of Queensberry's Rules. Professor Patsy Perkins, of Southampton, was referee, and Albini, one of the circus clowns, timekeeper. Round 1. Colman landed the first blow, and Murphy, quickly recovering, did some execution with some right swings, Colman dodged repeatedly, his opponent following him closely round the ropes and planting his right hand mitten about his head Colman missed several blows, and came in for Murphy's "returns." Round 2. Murphy at the outset beat his opponent to the ropes, fighting in a most determined fashion. Colman commenced to show marks, and Murphy, getting in a well-placed body blow, made him kiss the ground. He quickly recovered himself, and attacking with increased vigour dealt Murphy some hard right-handers. At the call of "Time!" the greatest enthusiasm was evinced. Colman's head was bleeding, and his seconds quickly applied Adam's wine and revived him. Round 3. Murphy used great force, and Colman began to show signs of wear. The latter, however, slogged as for dear life, and in the second minute had the best of the several closing exchanges. Murphy, however, kept his balance, whilst Redmond seemed to be getting dazed. They were just coming together when Murphy lifted his foot, showing that he was in pain, and his hands dropped. Before Colman had time to close "Time!" was called. Professor Perkins having allowed the minute to elapse, said that Murphy was again seized with cramp and could not proceed. Redmond Colman was, therefore, the victor, a decision which was received with tremendous cheering. Before leaving the arena Colman shook Murphy by the hand. It is not likely that the men will meet again.

**BOXING AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE,** Wokingham.—Recently Captain Arthur Hill M.P. (who has commissioned a well-known trainer many a time and oft to put some lads together for the delectation of a fashionable crowd), who recently returned from South Africa, invited his many friends to an assault-at-arms at the Royal Exchange, Wokingham, which extended over two nights, and proved highly successful. On the opening night (Tuesday, June 12) there were two six rounds contests, in addition to other boxing. The first was between W. Brock (Tottenham Court Road) and Bill Howes (Marylebone). It was a very spirited and even contest throughout, but Howes, having a shade the best of the deal, secured the verdict. The second was between J. Donoghue (Marylebone) and H. Martin (Somers Town), the former being adjudged the winner. Jem Barry (St. James's) by special request sparred three rounds with Teddy Luck, the sporting cabman of Chelsea, which evoked considerable merriment, the Jehu, though not so scientific as Barry, exhibiting plenty of pluck. On Thursday, June 14, the winners of the competitions on the first night tried conclusions, viz., Donoghue and Howes, and a fine contest was witnessed. For five rounds Howes pegged away for all he was worth, and had a decided advantage, but in the sixth Donoghue fought his man to a standstill, and wiped off the points lost in the previous rounds and got the verdict. The losers, W. Brock and H. Martin, then toed the scratch, and had six busy rounds, but Martin proved himself the cleverer, and won handsomely. Two amateur boxers in turn tried conclusions with Jem Barry, the first being Mr. Target, of Maidenhead. This lasted four rounds, and ended in favour of Barry. His next opponent, though plucky, was hardly so troublesome, the contest being short, sharp, and decisive, Barry, of course, winning. The sporting cabman, Teddy Luck, next had a turn with Jem Kingsoller, of Workington, and "outed" him in four rounds. Altogether the entertainment proved both interesting and amusing, and was heartily enjoyed by all present. The arrangements were exceedingly well carried out. The Hon. A. Hill officiated as timekeeper, and Mr. Oliver Dixon as M.C.

**TOMMY CROALL, OR MANLEY, OF** Coatbridge, would be pleased if Jack Stewart, boxing booth proprietor, would send his address to him at 104a, Buchanan Street, Coatbridge, by Glasgow.

**"PEDLAR" PALMER'S 9st 6lb COMP**etition.—Charley Ryder and Tony Amor being left in the final for the 9st 6lb competition, and not having received any news from "Pedlar" Palmer as to what are his intentions, desire that he, to save unpleasantness, will answer in THE MIRROR OF LIFE on what date he intends to carry out the final of the above competition.

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# NEXT WEEK

**We shall publish a Full Account of the Great Battle between**

## Gus Ruhlin & Tom Sharkey.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

## AT THE RINGSIDE.

**"THE BRIXTON BURGLARY"** IS playing to enormous business at the Strand.

**"THE ROSE OF PERSIA"** HAS ceased to bloom at the Savoy.

**SATURDAY NEXT IS THE DATE** fixed for reviving "The Private Secretary" at the Queen Street Theatre.

**"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE"** was revived at the Savoy Theatre on Saturday last, and received with great enthusiasm.

**THE EMPIRE COULD DO WITH A** few fresh and original turns. After all, one goes to a variety hall to enjoy the show as well as promenade.

**"THE CASINO GIRL,"** THE NEW musical piece, is to be produced at the Shaftesbury on Monday next.

**CHINKO, THE BOY JUGGLER,** HAS made a big hit at the Royal, and is the recipient of tremendous applause; his marvellous plate catching is a smart effort.

**THE ENGAGEMENT OF THOSE** clever saltatorial artists, the Sisters Hengler, at the Alhambra, is a highly popular one; their turn "catches on" mightily, and is one of the most attractive items in the programme.

**PAT RAFFERTY, ALWAYS A STRONG** turn, is heartily welcomed at the Canterbury. Miss Marie Loftus, Will Hebden, Bransby Williams, Miss Vesta Tilley, some new war pictures, Joe Elvin and Co. in "The Joke," Miss Marie Lloyd, and Barnard's Marionettes are a few of the plums in a very strong bill.

**MISS MARIE LLOYD IS PAYING A** special return visit to the Middlesex this week, and is awakening considerable enthusiasm. Harry Anderson, with tuneful songs, Paul Courtney and Co., in sketch entitled "The New Doctor," Fred Millis, a capital ventriloquist, and Miss Frances Harrold and Co. in a thrilling sketch, "After Many Years," help with the entertainment.

**THE ALBERTS AND EDMUNDS** troupe are appearing with much success at the Queen's, Poplar, in their evergreen sketch "The Locket." Fred Keeton, a good comedian; the Schallers, in "Bi ly's Blunders"; Miss Emmie Ames; Ferris and Farnley, patter merchants; Phillips and Terry, rightly described as very funny sketch artists; Miss Minnie Moran, a capable singer and dancer; the Danbys, Miss Jennie Belmore, Jake Friedman, Anglo-German comedian; and the Three Dagmars as smart a trio of acrobats, tumblers, balancers, &c. as could be wished.

**MR. DUNDAS SLATER INVITED THE** Press to attend at the Alhambra last Wednesday afternoon to witness a private show given by Houdini, the King of Handcuffs. The gentleman is well named, and the "darbies" have no terrors for him. We all confessed ourselves puzzled, though everybody had a "theory" as to how it was done. Certainly "locks, bolts, and bars all flew asunder." It is a marvellous show. Houdini also treated us to a very smart box trick, and at the request of Mr. Slater indulged in a few sleight-of-hand tricks with cards. He is an all-round entertainer, and is a "find" for the management, who have placed him in the regular evening programme, so you can go yourselves and see what you think about it.

**THE OXFORD PROGRAMME IS** playing to crowded houses, and on the night of my visit every turn was received with the utmost enthusiasm. Harry Randall was heartily welcomed "Just in a Motherly Way"; the M'Naughtons indulged in some delightful fooling: Mozart got a lot of fun in describing how people walked; Pat Rafferty sang his songs in his usual go-ahead style; Dan Leno, "never above his business," went great as he always does; Talma is rightly styled the Queen of Coins; the Poluskis, in khaki, contributed a screamingly funny turn, and Latona, the musical tramp, with his comical property donkey, makes a big hit; Ernest Shand, a very quaint comedian; Leslie's dogs, the Brothers Griffiths, the Bale troupe of cyclists, and many other A1 turns complete a splendid show.

DAVE.

## WILLIAM KEARNEY,

**"The Boy from the West," the Genial Oracle of the Clonmel Club, Dublin.**

*(With Portrait.)*

CONCERNING the genial oracle of the Clonmel Club the *Tuam Herald* has the following:—Mr. William Kearney, the well-known bookmaker, better known as "the Boy from the West," the euphemistic but truthful sobriquet which he has endowed himself with. Mr. Kearney is a native of Birmingham, within a mile or two of the town, and still looks upon Tuam amid the excitement of his sporting life as a green resting place, an oasis in the dusty desert of the hoarse, roaring ring. The "Boy of the West" is a well-known figure on Irish racecourses, and his suit, the uniform of the Galway Blazers, which he sometimes dons, is attractive and becoming. Mr. Kearney in private life is genial, and his generosity and charity were well exemplified the other day when he contributed munificently to the relief fund for the Arran fishermen.

## "TABLEAUX VIVANTS" AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

**Gay Scenes of the Carnival and Revels.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

WITH visitors from every part of the world the Paris Exhibition is reaping a rich harvest, and although many of the buildings are still incomplete there is plenty and to spare to attract the sightseer. One in particular, which will be France represented in seven tableaux. The grandest will be that tableaux vivants representing Paris and mummers in every costume, with the finest women, will be seen in the revels.

## AN ENRAGED WIFE USES THE WHIP ON HER HUSBAND'S COMPANION.

**The Outcome of a Flirtation With a Married Man.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

LADIES take warning! Don't take on a married man for a "mash," or, like Miss Edith Close, trouble may ensue. Of course she did not know that the gentleman, who described himself as Charles Bellamy, was married, and at his invitation was quietly taking a stroll, nor did he know that his wife was close on his heels. It was just commencing to rain, and the amiable Charles was about to put up the umbrella when the voice of his wife, like a Nemesis, came to his ears; and the sound of two blows; but these had already fallen upon his companion's shoulders, landed rather strongly by his wife's revengeful hand. The matter looks like being straightened out at the police-court.

## CAPTURE OF A DESPERATE CRIMINAL ON THE CAPE RAILWAY.

**A Diamond Thief Taken While in the Act of Secreting a Valuable Parcel.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

A VALUABLE consignment of diamonds was sent to the Cape from Johannesburg, securely placed in the safe carried in the guard's carriage, in the centre of the train. A stop was made about fifty miles from their destination, when it was discovered that something was wrong. The railway officials, armed with revolvers, made their way to the carriage which contained the diamonds, and on throwing open the door leapt in, pistol in hand, to find the thief in possession of the uncut jewels, and ready to depart. He was quickly overcome, and was found to be one of the most desperate criminals known at the Cape.

**"WAG" ASHLEY AND FRANK** Exall wish to thank Mr. Kit Barrass, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Joe Johnson, and Mr. and Mrs. Wiltshire for their kindness to them during their stay in Newcastle.

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Three bottles will cure the worst cases of canker in the mouth and stomach.
One to three bottles will cure all humours in the eyes.
Three to five bottles will cure salt-rheum.
Six bottles will cure the worst cases of dropsy.
Three to six bottles will cure dyspepsia in its worst state.
Five to seven bottles will cure that dreadful disease, scrofula.
Three to four bottles will cleanse your system of boils.
Three to four bottles have cured the worst cases of erysipelas.
One bottle will cure nursing sore mouth.
Three to six bottles will literally dig up and drive from your blood all hidden humour.
One to three bottles will regulate the bowels.
One bottle will remove webs and dots before the eyes, and cure dizziness, &c.
Three or four bottles will cure the worst cases of piles.
Ten to twelve bottles will cure the very worst cases of scaly eruptions known.
One bottle will cure wakefulness and lack of energy.
Four to five bottles will cure liver complaint.
One bottle will give you a hearty appetite and increased digestion.
A benefit is always seen from the first bottle, and a cure is certain where the directions are followed.
One or two bottles will cure all running at the ears.
No change of diet is ever necessary; eat as good as you can get, and all you want of it.
Six or eight bottles will cure all rotten or running ulcers.
Two to five bottles will stop premature decay, and fully restore physical manhood when shattered or lost by youthful indiscretions.
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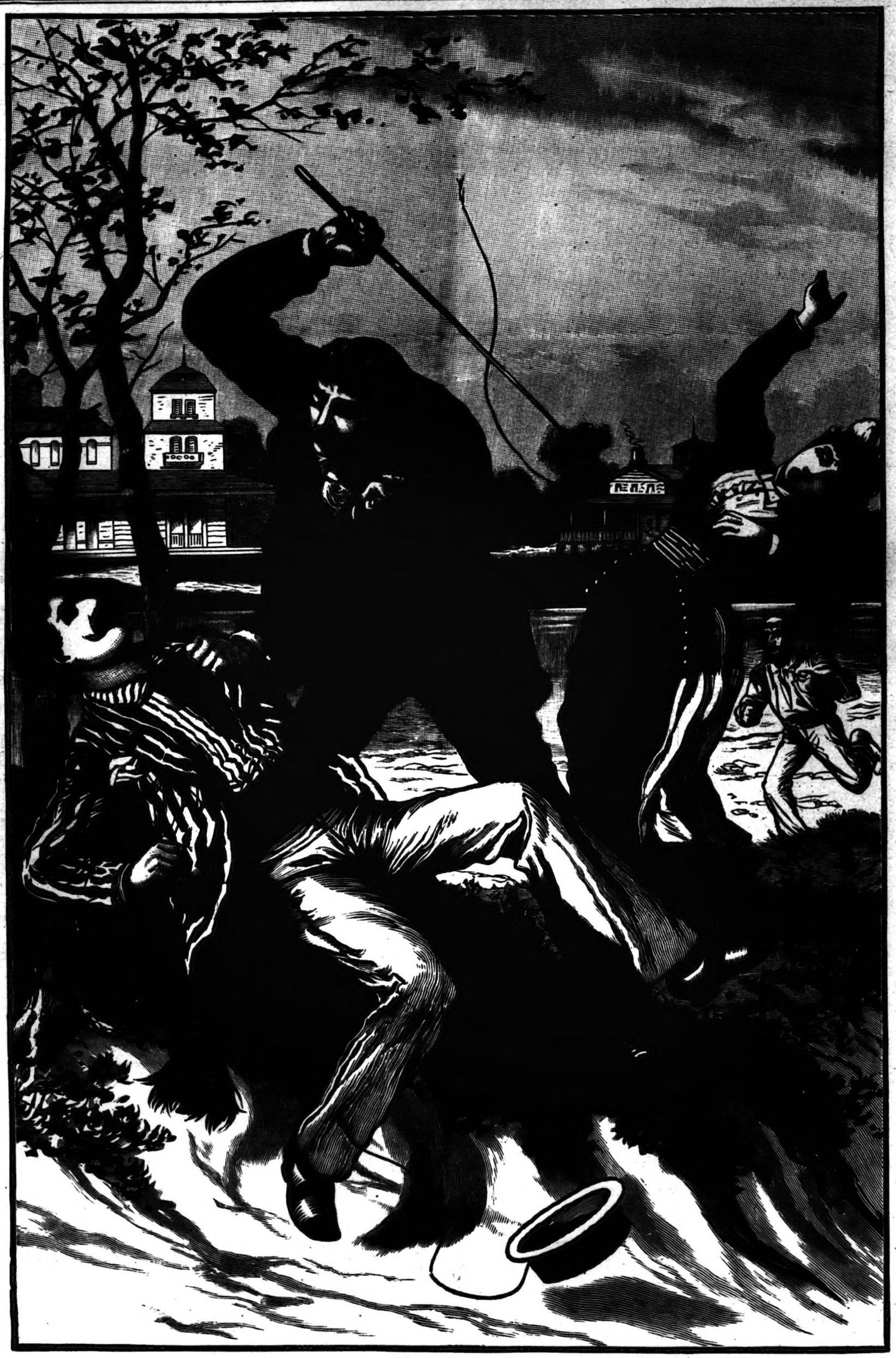

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